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PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

It is not expected that the Parliamentary debates will have any great importance until after the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Indeed, before Easter the Session is generally very much like what the season of the Italian Opera before Easter used to be, until at last prudent managers learned to discontinue altogether this foretaste of musical pleasures to come. Ingenious writers still contrive day after day to find something to say about the Royal marriage; but these are men who have learnt the difficult art of making bricks without straw in the worse than Egyptian bondage of daily journalism. When you have read two or three dozen of the articles, all you know is that the marriage is to take place in Lent, and that it is to be a very dull affair. It is said that her Majesty will go out of mourning for the day, and resume her sables the morning afterwards. It is to be hoped that no attempt will be made to induce our future Princess to put on black. She has a lovely complexion, and could afford to wear anything; but she ought to show herself in such light colours as will be most becoming to her. We have not had a really beautiful Princess in Great Britain since the departure of the Stuarts. Perhaps it is a curse that has fallen upon the country for Elizabeth's conduct to Queen Mary. At all events, the curse is removed now, and we must make the most of this new ornament that England has received—not this time from Germany, but from the far more congenial Scandinavia, which has given us, in successive tides of Saxons, Danes, and Normans, so much of our best and noblest blood.

The sympathy now existing between England and the Scandinavian countries, and which has been not created but simply called forth by the new relations established between the reigning families in London and Copenhagen, is being turned to account by the conductors of a Danish newspaper, called the *Danmark*, which, we are glad to see, is to pay special attention to English news for the benefit of Danish readers, and to publish every week a summary of Danish news in English for the benefit of English ones.

The remark has often been made of late that a matrimonial alliance does not in any way bind England to a political alliance. That is undoubtedly true. Neither in private life does marriage bind a man to accept all the friendships and animosities of his wife's relations. Nevertheless, it is pleasanter and more advantageous in every way to be united to an estimable family, for the members of which one already feels some sympathy, than to be connected with a disagreeable and disreputable set of persons with whom it is next to impossible to associate. No marriage could have been more suitable than that of the Emperor Nicholas to the sister of the King of Prussia. It was no disgrace to Prussia, which has always acted as Russia's jackal; and it was sure to be of use to Nicholas, who thus acquired an additional

means of influencing the Prussian King, and knew that he could always make the brother break faith with other Powers for the sake of a Russian alliance, just as the sister had abandoned her religion for a seat on the Russian throne.

It is at least gratifying to us to know that Denmark is governed on the same principles as England; that the King has no oppressed subjects to cry out against his rule; and that in the Schleswig and Holstein dispute—which, according to

Mr. Disraeli, "few can understand and none explain"—he is certainly not the aggressor. It is something for the Prince of Wales to have kept clear of the Germans, and to have married into an honest family in which religion is not an affair of policy, and policy simply another name for violence and fraud.

It has often been doubted whether the English understand the art of amusing themselves at all. It is suggested, however, that on the occasion of the Prince's marriage they shall amuse themselves at one another's expense, and in this manner it is just possible that a certain amount of gaiety may be called forth. Some of our contemporaries have recommended that every man, woman, and child, be invited, or, if necessary, compelled, to wear a rosette; and one in particular has expressed a conviction that "even the editors of penny Republican papers," wherever they are to be found, will be forced by the opinion of the country (as represented, of course, by the street boys) to exhibit some sort of white satin rosette fastened to the button-holes of their coats. Many of the haberdashers' shops are already full of ominous-looking devices of the colour, material, and pattern supposed by our super-loyal contemporary to be peculiarly obnoxious to the editors of penny Republican papers; and we shall not be astonished if many persons, who are neither Republicans nor editors, refrain from decorating themselves with them. Princess Alexandra will see plenty of things in London to make her laugh—in the way of architecture and sculpture—without there being the least necessity for the inhabitants to go at all out of their way to give themselves a ridiculous appearance.

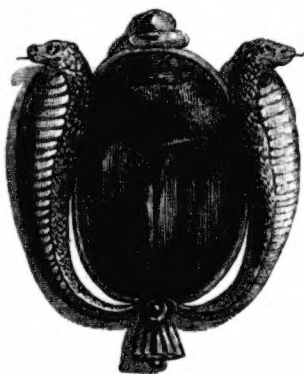
As for the Princess's reception,

it will of course be of the most enthusiastic kind; and if, as will probably be the case, some thousands of persons choose to adorn themselves after the manner of stewards and masters of the ceremonies at public balls, she will, doubtless, be amiable enough to overlook their little absurdities while the poor ribbon-makers of Coventry will profit by them. Indeed, there is not the slightest reason why those who have conscientious objections to being seen in public ornamented with rosettes like the prize sheep outside the butchers' shops at Christmas-time should not give the value of a piece of ribbon to the unfortunate weavers all the same.

Considering the immense amount of good advice that has been offered to the Prince of Wales it is rather curious that no one has yet taken occasion to offer a little judicious counsel to his accomplished bride. How often has the Prince been told that he is the heir to a Constitutional throne, and that a Constitutional King cannot do anything very important without



BUST OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK.—(SCULPTURED BY MRS. THORNYCROFT, BY COMMAND OF HER MAJESTY.)



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SCARABAEUS BROOCH PRESENTED TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

the consent of Parliament, or, what really amounts to all that, that the last Prince of Wales led a life which it would not be wise to imitate; and, in fine, that he should be good in order to be happy, and read the journal which happens to be lecturing him if he would be wise. One might almost suppose those writers to be ignorant of the fact that the Prince has had rather a good education, that he has been surrounded at home and abroad, and especially during his travels in the East, by some of the wisest and most learned men in the country, and that the influence and teaching of his late father must alone have been worth to him more than any conceivably number of leading articles written by men who, however ingenious, are at least not acquainted with the personal character of the illustrious youth whom they are kind enough to instruct. If the fashion of lecturing the Prince of Wales lasts, we do not see why a friendly hint should not be addressed from time to time to the Princess. As she is supposed to be the most beautiful Princess in Europe, she might at least decide the great crinoline question, for England, if for no other country. Her mode of dress is sure to be imitated, and, if crinoline is really the unmitigated evil which it is declared to be by its numerous enemies, she can easily cast it into disrepute by not wearing it herself. If men who do not display white roses on the wedding-day are to be looked upon as "Republicans," we should certainly attribute an undue sympathy for French Imperialism to any lady who ventured to appear in hoops or crinoline after crinoline and hoops had once been abandoned by Princess Alexandra.

BUST OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

BY MRS. THORNYCROFT.

THIS bust of the future bride of the Prince of Wales was executed by the Royal command during the visit of Princess Alexandra at Windsor Castle, and its progress was watched with considerable interest by her Majesty, who possesses that high appreciation of the sculptor's art which so distinguished the late Prince Consort. Mrs. Thornycroft has been engaged on so many similar subjects that it is difficult to award superior praise to any one, but it is not too much to say that her last work is remarkable for the grace and feeling with which it renders a lifelike portrait of a classical and dignified face, remarkable for a type of beauty which is at the same time powerful and delicate. The peculiar brooch which appears upon the bust was introduced by the express desire of the Prince of Wales, who himself brought it from Egypt and presented it to his affianced bride. It consists of an ancient Egyptian scarabæus, the setting of which, consisting of serpents (cobras), was designed and executed by Messrs. Phillips, of Cockspur-street.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The address of the Corps Législatif having been passed with the dissidence of the five members of the Opposition, a deputation from the Chamber to present the address was received by the Emperor on Saturday, when his Majesty only spoke a few words, in which he declared his satisfaction at finding in the address a new proof of the concord existing between the Representative Chamber and the Government. Such harmony of understanding he declared peculiarly important at the present moment, in order to strengthen the legitimate influence which France is exercising abroad amid the many passions which agitate other countries and quarters of the globe.

In the course of the discussion on the address a curious disclosure was made as to the mode in which press matters are managed in France. It appears that as a condition of sanctioning the appointment of "gerant" to certain journals the Minister of the Interior exacted that a written resignation of the office, undated, should at the same time be placed in his hands. When the policy of the journal ceased to be satisfactory the date was at once inserted, and the amazed editor found himself dismissed. The Minister of State only replied in a few words, observing that this was a condition; that no one was compelled to become an editor; but that, having accepted the terms, he had no reason to complain. M. Picard said he complained in the interest not of individual editors, but of the public—of free discussion and political morality.

ITALY.

The state of the national finances was brought before the Chamber of Deputies at Turin on Saturday by the Minister of Finance. He stated that the deficit on the 31st of December, 1862, was 372 million lire, and proposed various measures, in the way of increased taxation and the sale of public property, for restoring an equilibrium between the revenue and expenditure. He also brought in a bill for contracting a loan of 700 million lire.

A meeting in favour of Poland took place at Genoa on Sunday, but was not numerously attended. No military precautionary measures were taken by the authorities. The speeches made were moderate in character. One speaker, however, having proposed that the Italians should aid the Polish insurrection by material means, the police ordered the dissolution of the meeting, which took place without any disturbance.

An event likely to create a profound sensation through Italy is reported in a telegram from Vienna. The leaders, it is stated, of the Venetian revolutionary committee have been discovered by the Austrian police, and have already been arrested. A prosecution has been commenced against them.

PRUSSIA.

The news of the convention between Prussia and Russia has created a great sensation throughout the former kingdom, inspiring the Liberals with the utmost disgust and the Feudalists with wild hopes of a new Holy Alliance. The military authorities of Posen have issued a most imperious and arrogant proclamation, as if the province were already in a state of siege, announcing that the penalty of high treason is destined for any one who in the slightest degree encourages or assists the Poles of Russia.

In Monday's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies Herr von Bismarck-Schönhausen, in reply to a question put to him collectively by the Polish members, said, "The aim of the Polish movement is the re-establishment of Poland as far as possible to the former extent of the kingdom. Even setting aside the possible results of this struggle, the insurrection affects the political interest of Prussia, as, according to official information, it aims at preparing a similar movement in Prussian territory at an opportune moment. The Government trusts to the fidelity of the majority of the Polish subjects of the Crown, but is obliged to protect them against the compulsion and seduction which has been exercised in Russian Poland towards the citizens and peasantry by emigrants, the gentry, and a portion of the clergy." The Minister added, in conclusion, that the Government was determined to energetically take measures to ensure the public safety whenever it was endangered.

AUSTRIA.

The Paris *Patrie* has news from Vienna, which would be very important if it could be considered true. It says, but "under all reserve," that the Emperor of Austria is making extraordinary efforts to conciliate Hungary, and that at a recent Ministerial council it had been resolved to appoint a separate Hungarian Ministry, which shall communicate with the Emperor alone in his character of King of Hungary. The names of this new Ministry were mentioned. Coun-

Apponyi was to be President of the Council; M. de Majlath or M. d'Uermyeni, Minister of the Interior; and Count Palffy, of War. Archbishop Louovics or Bishop Dantelk were spoken of as Minister of Worship. Such a grand measure as this would, probably, conciliate Hungary, and then Austria would only have to take the other step—galling to her pride, but essential to her interests—the cession of Venice to Italy—and she would stand rehabilitated before the world, and might command alliances which would restore her dilapidated credit, and ensure her stability and prosperity.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

THE insurrection in Poland still continues to make progress, notwithstanding the efforts of the Russians both to suppress the revolt and to make the occurrences in connection with it appear satisfactory to themselves. Encounters are reported from various quarters, but, with the confusion of names and the difficulty of following the various movements, it is as yet impossible to make out a connected and intelligible narrative.

The description of the encounters is always the same. The insurgents do not form armies, nor do they think it necessary to prove their courage by fighting pitched battles. Retreat is to them as successful a manoeuvre as a charge, and when they are dispersed they can inflict the most deadly blows on their opponents. Indeed, the Imperial troops suffer as all armies on the offensive must suffer in such a country. Mud is everywhere, except where there is forest or bog. The Russians are not a strong-bodied race; they are poorly fed, and always lose greatly by the fatigues of a campaign, as was proved by the last war with the Western Powers. It is probable that the warfare which the Poles are carrying on harasses them extremely; indeed, as much is acknowledged in the later accounts. The southern parts of the country are represented to be now entirely in the power of the insurgents; the Russian commanders hold only one or two towns in each, and the ground on which their troops may happen to be encamped. It is a war in which the fatigues and hardships will be many, the chances of glory nothing; while cruelty and horrible retaliations will cause every man of real military feeling to shrink from taking a part in it.

A letter from Posen of the 11th inst. contains the details of a sanguinary action which took place between the Russian troops and the Polish insurgents under the command of Langiewicz. Two very numerous Russian corps set out from Kielce and Radom to attack the insurgents posted at Wendicz. One of these corps met about sixty insurgents in the village of Schedniow, where there are extensive ironworks. After a slight skirmish the Russians occupied the village, where they are accused of having massacred the unarmed inhabitants without distinction of old men, women, or children. Their first victim was the landlord of the inn where the insurgents had lodged. The house itself was burnt, and with it a part of the village. This event took place on the 3rd inst. The following day the two columns sent from Radom and Kielce formed a junction in front of Wendicz, which they attacked on two sides. A detachment of insurgents deployed as light infantry from the village of Mielitza, and held their ground courageously for three hours against repeated charges of the Russian dragoons, who lost many men. The insurgents, encouraged by their success, abandoned their position in the wood and scattered themselves over the open plain, where the Russians covered them with a murderous fire of grape-shot. After an heroic effort to capture the cannon, the insurgents, armed only with scythes, were forced to retreat in the direction of the town of Opatow. The Russians lost more than two hundred men in killed and wounded; the insurgents likewise suffered severely. The Russians, masters of Wendicz, committed a frightful butchery, massacring without distinction the unarmed inhabitants and the wounded insurgents; they then pillaged the houses and set them on fire. The Russians likewise burnt five villages in the neighbourhood to avenge themselves on the peasants who had not informed them of the ambush laid for them at Mielitza. Having thus gratified their revenge, the Russian troops returned to their quarters at Kielce and Radom.

A telegram from Lemberg states that the town of Wendicz has been retaken by the insurgents, and that 5000 of the latter have taken up a good position, under the command of Langiewicz. A certain Moreau, who purposely took a detachment of Polish "scythes" under the fire of a Russian battery, was tried by a court-martial and hanged by order of Langiewicz, who is now in the mountains, near St. Krzyz (not far from Wengrow), with 5000 tolerably well-armed men.

A letter from Cracow of the 10th inst. states that on the 5th a corps of 1000 Russians attacked the Polish insurgents in the town of Tomaszow, in the government of Lublin. The latter did not number more than 100 men, and the town was consequently taken and burnt, and then given up to pillage. The insurgents lost five men killed and two prisoners.

The National Committee at Warsaw, which was not at first concerned in the movement, has now taken it up, and had issued the following address:—

Inhabitants of Warsaw!—The National Central Revolutionary Committee, in undertaking the labours of a Provisional Government, hereby confides the administration of the capital to the hands of a provost. In future, the provost is to be regarded as the only national authority of Warsaw. All inhabitants, without distinction of rank or religion, are called upon to respect and carry out in every particular the orders of the provost just mentioned. Resistance, or any deficiency that may be observed in point of obedience, will be punished by the severest inflictions of the law. "Oh, Warsaw! the country sends thee the expression of its gratitude for the heroism evinced by thy inhabitants in first raising the standard of armed insurrection in Poland. To-day the general uprising is an accomplished fact. All distinction of rank is abolished, and millions of brethren are called upon to enjoy the same amount of political rights, and engage in the common defence of the country. This is a struggle for life and death—a struggle which, if we are men, will tumble down the gigantic despot from his throne, and subvert a Government too long a standing menace to the cause of liberty and civilisation. We trust in God for the success of our cause. Already the foe is discouraged by our heroic conduct. Let us pursue our path steadily and gallantly, and we shall witness the entire provinces of Poland throwing off their disgraceful yoke and rallying round our banner. Brave Warsawers! Do not envy your brethren for being the first to strike a blow for the cause of independence. We call upon you to prepare for the struggle at hand. In the war we shall have to wage against the enemy, the one cry of battle will be heard, "Death to the foe, freedom to the land!"

After sending General Avenleben to Warsaw to learn the exact state of affairs there, the Prussian Government had concluded a convention with Russia which is said to be to the following effect:—

If Russian troops are forced by the insurgents to cross the frontier into Prussia, they shall not be obliged to lay down their arms. Should revolutionary bands be driven across the Prussian frontier, the Russian troops shall be at liberty to pursue them. On the demand of the St. Petersburg Government, Prussian troops will act, either separately or in conjunction with the Russian forces, against the insurgents.

Austria continues to preserve an impassive and almost indifferent attitude. The Cabinet of Vienna are resolved, it is said, to adhere only to the conventions already in existence, and has refused to concur in the above engagement. The Austrian journals declare that Prussia has flagrantly violated the laws of neutrality.

THE KINGDOM OF GREECE.

THE following letter from Earl Russell to the Greek Chargé d'Affaires in London brings the question relating to the affairs of Greece down to the latest date:—

The undersigned, her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has had the honour to receive the communication of the Chargé d'Affaires of Greece, bearing date the 6th inst., in which a decree of the Second National Assembly of the Greeks at Athens, and he has received the orders of her Majesty on this subject.

Her Majesty cannot be more flattered than by the confidence and the friendship manifested with regard to her Majesty, her family, and the British nation, by the election of her son Prince Alfred to the crown of Greece. Her Majesty sees in this act a testimony of the confidence placed by Greece in the results of the education given to Prince Alfred by his illustrious and regretted father, the Prince Consort; but her Majesty is compelled by the diplomatic engagements of the Crown, and by other powerful considerations, to decline the signal honour on the part and in the name of her son. Her

Majesty and the Royal family will not be the less happy and proud always to bear in mind the spontaneous vote of the Greek people, at once so honourable for those who offered the crown, and so flattering for the Queen and for Prince Alfred, to whom the offer was made.

The certified returns from the various outlying constituencies on the choice of a Sovereign have been classified, and afford some curious numerical details. The Duc de Leuchtenberg stands second on the poll to Prince Alfred, having received the adhesion of 2400 votes, to which might be, perhaps, added the 1769 given to Archduke Nicholas of Russia and the 478 to Archduke Constantine. Prince Jerome Napoleon mustered 345, a republic was called for by 93, Amadeus of Savoy got 15, Ypsilanti 6, Duc d'Anmale 3, Marshal McMahon 1, Otho 1, and the lately-deceased banker, Bynard, found a solitary partisan mindful of his bygone benefactions.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT AT CHARLESTON.

THE news from America possesses considerable interest. According to Southern accounts, two Confederate ironclads and other steamers went out from Charleston harbour on the 31st of January, and engaged the Federal blockading squadron. They sank the gun-boat *Mercedita*, and another the name of which was unknown, crippled the *Quaker City*, and set four other vessels on fire. It is asserted that the remainder of the blockading squadron put to sea. On the return of the Confederate fleet to Charleston, great enthusiasm prevailed, and General Beauregard officially proclaimed that the blockade had been raised. It is said that the British Consul went out in a steamer five miles beyond the usual anchorage-ground of the blockading squadron without seeing anything of them. Late in the evening of the 31st, however, four of the blockading vessels reappeared, and next day twenty were off Charleston bar. The Confederate Secretary of State, on the strength of this affair, has notified to the British and French Consuls that the blockade has been raised, and it is contended that it cannot be legally resumed without sixty days' previous notice being given to the neutral Governments. The New York papers discuss the question, the general opinion being that no raising of the blockade has taken place. That is the assertion also made in Washington official despatches. They say that the whole affair had been very much exaggerated by the Confederates, that no interruption of the blockade had taken place, and that no such assumption will be allowed by the Government. It appears certain that on the 3rd the place was again blockaded. It is added that no ironclads were with the fleet when it was attacked by the Confederates.

OTHER NAVAL CONFLICTS.

Several other naval affairs are reported. The bombardment of Galveston by the Federals had commenced, but the Harriet Lane, the recapture of which was an important object of the expedition, had, it was said, managed to escape. The Federal gun-boat P. Smith, carrying 11 guns, had surrendered unconditionally to the Confederates at Stone River. The Federals report she was captured by running ashore. The Federal iron-clad steamer Montank had been engaged for four hours with Fort M'Allister, on the Ogeechee River, according to the Federal accounts, without receiving any injury; but the Southern accounts assert that she was badly injured in her turret by the guns of the fort—at all events, the fort was not captured by her. There were reports of an engagement between the Oreto and three Federal gun-boats, and that the former when seen was on fire.

MILITARY NEWS.

So far as the military movements are concerned, there is not much of importance in the news. The Confederates appear to have attacked Fort Donnellson with some success at first, but being driven off in the end with great loss. General Foster's expedition is said to number 70,000 men, and its destination Charleston. Indeed, on the 5th, news of an attack on that place was momentarily expected. General Banks had left New Orleans, it was supposed, to attack Port Hudson. At Vicksburg the Federals are said to have 80,000 men preparing for an attack. General Grant had arrived there, and the works on the canal were being pushed forward. The Confederates had, however, planted a battery which commanded the lower end of the canal.

At Galveston, Texas, the Federals had begun to bombard the place. General Magruder, who commanded the Confederates there, had proclaimed the port open to the trade of all friendly nations.

The army of the Potomac remained quietly at Falmouth and Acquia. Desertions were numerous. The weather was very bad and the roads impassable. No movement was anticipated for some weeks. General Hooker, in taking the command, had issued a spirited address to the army; but it is stated that the spirit animating the officers and men is very bad, and it was doubtful if they would vigorously carry out orders to fight even if commanded to do so.

On the 30th ult. the Federals under General Peck were attacked by the Confederate General Pryor near the Blackwater River, Virginia. The Confederates were repulsed after a sharp encounter. The Federals lost above a hundred in killed and wounded. A number of Confederates were taken prisoners, and fifty killed and wounded left upon the field; but their actual loss is not known. The 16th Pennsylvania Regiment, composed of draughted men, refused to fight, and lay down upon the ground during the entire engagement.

A detachment from the army of General Rosecranz is reported to have attacked and dislodged seven Confederate regiments stationed at Woodbury, twenty miles from Murfreesboro'. The Federals state that they killed thirty-four of the Confederates, but do not name their own loss.

Another raid upon Van Buren, Arkansas, is said to have been made by the Federals, 130 strong, in which they claim to have captured the steamer *Julia Roan* and 300 prisoners, without loss to themselves.

Confederate accounts of the 30th of January report the recapture of Holly Springs, Mississippi, by General Van Dorn, with 700 prisoners and a large quantity of stores. It is reported that the water of the Mississippi is running through the Vicksburg cut from 2 ft. to 4 ft. in depth, but that there is no sign of the channel widening.

GENERAL NEWS.

The bill to arm negroes had been passed by the House of Representatives by a majority of eighty-three to fifty-four. It provides that the President may arm such numbers of negroes as he may deem necessary for a term not exceeding five years. Their rations, clothing, and equipments are to be the same as for other soldiers, and their pay not to exceed present rates; to be officered by white or black persons, and governed by the Articles of War and such special rules as the President may direct; but no black officer is to exercise authority over white officers or men, nor shall privates or labourers of colour receive more than 10 dollars per month. There is an important proviso that no slaves of loyal owners shall be thus employed, nor shall any recruiting-offices be opened in Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, or Missouri without the consent of the Governors of those States.

General McClellan had been on a visit to New England, and was enthusiastically received by the people of Boston. On his journey thither he met with marked demonstrations of welcome from the citizens and soldiers of Connecticut. Crowds of people greeted him upon his arrival at each station on the railway. Special invitations had been received by General McClellan from the people of Portland and Concord to visit those cities.

Mr. Boileau, of the *Philadelphia Evening Journal*, was released from Fort M'Henry on the 1st inst. He had previously written a penitent letter to General Schenck disavowing his knowledge of any objectionable articles in his paper, and expressing profoundly loyal sentiments. The Democratic journals express great disgust at his conduct, and the Democrats of Philadelphia have resolved to withdraw their patronage from his paper.

PRESIDENT DAVIS ON THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

After Mr. Davis returned to Richmond from his tour in Tennessee and the north-west he was serenaded, and, in addressing the assembly, said:—

You have shown yourselves to be in no respect degenerate sons of your fathers. You have fought mighty battles, and your deeds of valour will live among the richest triumphs of Time's ample page. It is true you have a

cause which binds you together more firmly than your fathers. They fought to be free from the usurpations of the British Crown, but they fought against a manly foe. You fight against the offshoots of the entire earth. Men who were bound to you by the compact which they and their fathers had entered into to secure to you and your posterity for ever not only the rights enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, but also those which Virginia, when she acceded to the Federation of the United States, plainly and wisely reserved for herself, now come to you with their hands steeped in blood, robbing the widow, destroying houses and property, warring against non-combatants, seizing the grey-haired father and plunging him into a dun-geon because he refuses to be a traitor to the principles of his fathers and goes on that gave him birth. Every crime that could characterise the conduct of demons has marked the course of the invader. The northern frontier of Virginia has been ruthlessly desolated, the people deprived of their means of subsistence, their household property destroyed, and every indignity and outrage which a merciless and ingenious foe could invent inflicted, without regard to age, sex, or condition. They have murdered prisoners of war, they have plundered the defenceless, and exhausted their malignant ingenuity to bring the deepest destitution upon those whose only offence is that their husbands and sons are fighting for their homes and their liberties. Every crime from snacking and burning defenceless and unoffending towns to the stealing of silver forks, has marked their shameless career. In New Orleans General Butler has exerted himself to earn the execrations of the civilised world, and now returns, with his dishonours thick upon him, to receive the plaudits of the only people on earth that does him not blush to think he wears the human form. . . . Do they hope to reconstruct the Union by striking at everything which is dear to man? To such a depth of disgrace and infamy have they fallen that were the question proposed to you whether you would combine with Yankees or hyenas, I trust there is not one Virginian but would respond, 'Give me the hyenas!'

War is an evil in every form, but it has sometimes its palliating circumstances. This is a new Government, formed of independent States, each jealous of its own sovereignty. It is necessary and advantageous that it should be tried in the severe crucible in which we are being tested, in order to weld us together. The enjoyments and comforts we have been forced to renounce, the long agony of anxiety we have endured, the unceasing labours we have undergone, the glory which we have conjointly secured, have combined to make us a band of brothers, and may we be united and harmonious for evermore! When peace and prosperity return, may we go on assisting each other to develop the great political principles upon which our Government is based, and the boundless natural resources which have been committed to our keeping! To an appreciation of the deep significance of the former we are at length awakening. In the latter direction we are displaying unexampled energy. Our mines have been made to yield long-neglected wealth; our manufactories start up as if by magic. I am not blind to the increasing power of our enemy, but mark that our own has been proportionably far greater, until I can see in the future nothing to mar our attainment of that independence for which we shall never cease to struggle. One year ago many were depressed, and some despondent. Now hope and resolve are seen in every eye, and an unconquerable spirit nerves every arm. With such noble women at home and such heroic men in the field, we are, and shall continue to be, invincible.

A VISIT TO THE ALABAMA.

The following extract of a letter from a gentleman resident in Jamaica will be read with interest:—

Kingston, Jamaica, Jan. 23.

I have just been down to Port Royal, in company with Captain Nixon, to visit the Confederate steam-ship Alabama, or "290," which came in here on Tuesday evening last to refit and land her prisoners (101 men and 17 officers) taken from the Federal gun-boat Hatteras, which she fought and sunk off Galveston harbour, on Sunday night, the 11th inst. Her arrival at this port has caused the greatest excitement, and hundreds have been down to look at a vessel which has made such unprecedented havoc in the ranks of her enemies. She has only been in commission five months, and has already destroyed thirty Federal ships. We were very courteously received on board by the officers, who took us over the vessel, and pointed out all her arrangements, and described in detail the late successful action. It appears that the Alabama was cruising off Galveston, at which port several of the Federal ships of war were lying, and Captain Semmes intended to run in at night, do what damage he could, and then sheer off; but they caught sight of him during the day and gave chase, one of them, the unfortunate Hatteras, continuing it until night. Captain Semmes gave them leg bail until it was quite dark, when he suddenly hauled round, and stood in for the harbour, which manoeuvre soon brought him alongside his opponent, who appears not to have recognised him, but hailed, "What ship's that?" To which Captain Semmes replied, "This is her Britannic Majesty's gun-boat Petrel," and hailed in return, "What ship's that?" The answer was, "This is the United States' gun-boat Hatteras, in search of the Alabama." "Well," said Captain Semmes, "here we are; this is the Confederate steamer Alabama," and as the guns were all loaded and manned, and the order given to fire the moment the men heard the word "Alabama," he had no sooner spoken than crash went the whole of her starboard guns right into the Hatteras, at a distance of forty yards, a large shell exploding in her engine-room and completely disabling her. She returned their fire, of course; but it was all up with her, and she struck by firing a gun to leeward thirteen minutes after the action commenced, and went down in fifty-four minutes, head foremost, barely giving Captain Semmes time to save the officers and crew. I do not know how many men were killed on board, as the Confederate officers had no means of judging except by the statements of their enemies, which they did not seem to believe. The Alabama had not one killed and but one wounded, and that very slightly.

The Alabama carried eight guns, all of large calibre. One of them they told us would throw a 120lb. shot. She appears to be somewhat damaged by the encounter, one shot having gone right through her bows; another, apparently aimed at her rudder, struck her under the counter and shattered several of her planks; altogether she received five shots. The Hatteras carried nine guns.

The prisoners were all in irons when we went on board, with the exception of the officers, who were on their parole, but they were all liberated and sent ashore during the day, and are now in charge of the United States' Vice-Consul, who intends sending them to Key West by the first opportunity.

THE BRITISH NAVY.—It appears from a Parliamentary return that the number of screw steam-ships now afloat is 414; and of paddle, 108. Thirteen screw and two paddle steam-ships are building. The building of 29 others is suspended. The effective sailing ships afloat are 108, making the total steam and sailing ships in the British Navy on the 1st inst. 669 in all. A Parliamentary return shows that in the year 1861 the total number of cases of corporal punishment in the Navy were 1076; the number of lashes inflicted, 36,463; the total number liable to corporal punishment, 58,594; the number of lashes inflicted by sentence of court-martial, 2690; the highest number of lashes inflicted, 48; and the lowest, 9. The Amphion, Mars, Argamemnon, Bacchante, Odin, Nile, and Orion compete for the largest number of such cases.

SYMPATHY WITH POLAND AT ST. PETERSBURG.—A letter from St. Petersburg states that at the representation the other evening of a new Russian drama a hostile allusion was made to the Polish insurrection, when a perfect storm burst forth in the theatre. A great portion of the assembly hissed and showed their disapprobation, while others applauded. This division of public opinion with regard to the Poles has produced a strong impression at St. Petersburg.

GARIBALDI'S WOUND.—Dr. Albanese, the physician who now attends General Garibaldi, has addressed a letter to a Genoa journal, in which, contrary to the late assertions of Dr. Basile, he declares that Garibaldi's wound is far from being healed; that it emits a fetid pus, and that splinters of bone have come out as late as the 6th inst. (the date of the letter); that, although the period of re-formation of the bone has begun, that of elimination is not yet over; but that, on the whole, the wound is proceeding regularly, and causes no alarm.

THE NEW FEDERAL COMMANDER ON THE POTOMAC.—Major-General Joseph Hooker, now appointed to the chief command of the army of the Potomac, is forty-three years of age. In person he is very tall, erect, compactly but not heavily built, extremely muscular, and of great physical endurance; of a light complexion, a fresh ruddy countenance; full, clear, mild eyes; intellectual head, brown hair slightly tinged with grey, and altogether one of the most commanding officers in his bearing and appearance in the army. The way in which he obtained the now historic name of "Fighting Joe Hooker" is curious enough. On one occasion, after a battle in which General Hooker's men had distinguished themselves for their fighting qualities, a despatch to the New York Associated Press was received at the office of one of the principal agencies announcing the fact. One of the copyists, wishing to show in an emphatic manner that this commander was really a fighting man, placed over the head of the manifold copies of the despatch the words "Fighting Joe Hooker." Of course this heading went to nearly every newspaper-office of the country, through the various agencies, and was readily adopted by the editors and printed in their journals. The sobriquet was also adopted by the army and by the press, and is now well known all over the world. Thus an unpretending, innocent copyist, unaware that he was making history, prefixed to this General's name a title that will live for ever in the annals of the country.

YANKEE BOUNCE.—I must say that we are great as threateners. No people in the world can crow and bluster as we can. The Democratic party is not blameless either. It has its regular blowers. For instance, all New York has been alive with the contest going on for Speaker at Albany. Pistols were sent up by the dozen, and daggers by the case. There was to be sixty modern Brutuses if Tom Callicott, a renegade Democrat, consented to be elected. He was told to say his prayers, that his end had come. The entire State was to rise and revenge his election. Well, yesterday he was elected by ten majority! Not a murmur was heard. He took his seat, made a speech, and was loudly cheered, and will doubtless make a good presiding officer. This is a specimen of talking loud and doing nothing.—*Manhattan.*

SCOTLAND.

THE LATE RAILWAY COLLISION AT WINCHBURGH.—At the High Court of Justiciary, on Monday, Mr. Latham, general manager, and Mr. Thomson, traffic superintendent of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, were charged with culpable homicide and culpable neglect of duty. To the defects of a special order, dated Sept. 12, issued by the accused, was attributed the catastrophe of Oct. 13. It was, however, shown in cross-examination that the order was in the usual form, had hitherto worked well, and been deemed sufficient; that the line under relay was in the engineer's department, as also the selection of the subordinates, by whose blunder the accident was directly caused. After eight hours' trial, the Lord Advocate intimated he could not press for a conviction. The Court concurred, and a verdict of "Not guilty" was returned.

THE PROVINCES.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—A young woman, the daughter of a shopkeeper at New Shoreham, was courted by a labouring man, and her family, apparently from a dislike to his social position, forbade all correspondence between them. This appears to have preyed upon the mind of the girl, and a few days ago she procured some powders containing poison, with which she destroyed herself.

FATAL FIRE IN LIVERPOOL.—A lamentable fire took place on Saturday morning in Liverpool, by which six persons were burnt to death, and two more so injured that they are not expected to survive. The fire commenced in the house of a porter named Burke, whose wife and daughters assisted his earnings by picking oakum. On Saturday morning Burke, who rose early to attend the markets, was carrying a lighted candle down stairs, when the flame caught some of the picked oakum that was hung up to dry. The house was instantly enveloped in flames and stifling smoke. Burke himself, though awake, fell down insensible; his family and some lodgers in the house were all suffocated. Burke and another lodger are now, shockingly scorched, in the hospital.

MURDER IN OXFORDSHIRE.—A shocking murder took place on Friday night week near Oxford, in Oxfordshire, and not far from Bicester. A miller named Allen was found lying dead on the road with two shot wounds in his head. The horse and gig which he had been driving were tied up by the wayside a few yards off, and on a sack at the bottom of the gig, and on one of the wheels over which the deceased appeared to have fallen, there was blood. Suspicion has fallen upon a young man named Austin, who left Bicester market in the evening along with the old man in his gig. It appeared that Austin was paying his addresses to the murdered man's daughter, of which the father disapproved. The prisoner's story is that when he left the gig the murdered man was alive and well. The case is undergoing a close investigation.

DISCOVERY OF HUMAN BONES.—Five skeletons were found a few days ago whilst digging for flints, at a depth of between two and three feet from the surface, in a field near the road leading from Guildford to Merrow. Each lay due east and west, the head to the west and the feet to the east, in excavations cut in the solid chalk. The medical men who have seen them state that they were the bones of persons of various ages, and one of the skeletons was that of a female. Many theories are started as to the circumstances in which the burial took place. It is supposed that they may be the remains of soldiers slain in the early Anglo-Saxon conflicts, or in some conflict between the Parliamentarians and Royalists in Cromwell's time, or victims of the plague which visited Guildford in the fourth year of Elizabeth's reign; and, again, it is suggested that this might have been the place where criminals were executed, and that these are the remains, therefore, of persons who have suffered the sentence of the law.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—At Macclesfield, one day lately, the wife of a silkweaver was returning home with some money received from the relieving-office (her husband being very ill), when a neighbour informed her that her daughter (aged nine) had been dreadfully burnt; whereupon the poor woman uttered a shriek and fell down in a swoon. She was taken home, and lies in a precarious state. When the daughter, on being burnt, rushed out of the house, Mr. Sant, a publican, took her into his house and extinguished the flames. She, however, died the same night. Just before her death he went to see her, and then went to bed; half an hour later Sant died of disease of the heart as he lay in bed.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—Lord George John Manners was on Saturday elected without opposition a knight of the shire for Cambridgeshire.

WEST SOMERSET.—On Tuesday Mr. Gore Langton was returned member for West Somerset, in the Conservative interest, in place of Mr. Moody, the late member, who resigned his seat.

DEVIZES.—The election of a successor to Captain Gladstone took place on Wednesday. The numbers at the close of the poll were—Addington (Conservative), 170; Probyn (Liberal), 88. Mr. Abraham had previously retired.

DUBLIN.—Mr. Benjamin Lee Guinness has, in reply to a deputation, consented to stand for the representation of Dublin, in the room of Sir Edward Grogan, Bart.

ROYAL MARRIAGE PROCESSIONS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—In 1236 Henry III. married Eleanor of Provence, at Canterbury, and, journeying to London with his bride, they were met in Southwark by the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and the principal citizens, to the number of three hundred and sixty, all being mounted on stately horses, dressed with splendid furniture. The busier streets were adorned with tapestry and plate. At nightfall torches were kindled all over the City. Henry V. entered London with his Queen, Katherine, being welcomed by an immense multitude of the Londoners, the Corporation having prepared a magnificent pageant for the occasion. Previous to this, Edward the Black Prince had wedded the beautiful Joan, Countess of Kent, much to the joy of the whole nation, and especially of the Londoners, who kept holiday for many days to celebrate the event. This warrior Prince of Wales kept another grand festival when, in 1357, he entered the City from Southwark, in company with his prisoner, John, King of France. The Royal captive rode on a noble white horse, but the Prince accompanied him on a man-looking black pony; they were met by the whole Corporation, splendidly attired, who conveyed them to the Savoy, where John was to lodge. The procession was several hours in passing through the City. Henry VI., a good but weak Sovereign, married Margaret, a daughter of the blind King of Anjou. The reign was little but a succession of troubles; yet she was a noble-minded queen, and upheld the red rose of Lancaster with no feeble hand. Her hapless son, Edward, Prince of Wales, married Ann of Warwick, at Amboise, but, while a mere lad, was mercilessly slain at Tewkesbury, 1471. His widow afterwards became the wife of Richard III., and is the Lady Anne of Shakespeare's drama. Henry VII., by espousing Elizabeth of York, united the contending factions and gave his people a reasonable cause for rejoicing, as he thus terminated long years of intestine war. His son Arthur, Prince of Wales, when hardly fourteen, was married to Katherine of Aragon, a Princess much his senior, who, on the demise of her boy-husband, was induced to wed his brother Henry, afterwards Henry VIII. The history of that learned, accomplished, and popular Monarch and his six unhappy wives, his brutish follies and caprices, his cruelty and licentiousness (sparing neither man in his anger nor woman in his lust), is well known. The procession of Lady Anne Boleyn through London previous to her marriage was remarkably gorgeous. May 31, 1538, all the citizens were busy from early morning. The streets were covered with gravel from the Tower (where she lodged, and where she was soon to die on the block), the footpaths were protected by barriers and occupied by the companies in full livery. Cornhill and Gracechurch-street were tapestried and hung with rich arras. Cheapside had a still richer dressing of cloth of gold and fancy velvets. At a signal from the Tower guns the procession issued from the fortress. First came the French Ambassador and his train, twelve knights in blue velvets, their horses decorated with white crosses; a troop of English gentlemen, two and two; the Knights of the Bath in full costume; the Abbots, Bishops, and Peers on horseback, robed, and with massive gold chains; the Lord Mayor, with the City mace; Garter King-at-Arms and the Lord Marshal; the Queen's household, in scarlet robes; the High Constable with his wand of office; lastly, a splendid chariot draped with whitesilk, drawn by white palfreys in housings of white damask, Anne Boleyn keeping her state under a gilded canopy hung with silver bells.—*City Press.*

CURIOUS SHROVE-TUESDAY CUSTOM AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—On Shrove Tuesday a quaint ceremony took place in the schoolroom of St. Peter's College, Westminster. About eleven o'clock, while the boys were presumably deep in Homer and Virgil, the verger of the abbey opened the door and ushered in the cook of the college, attired in full kitchen dress. There was a dead silence of either awe or curiosity among the boys as the Ude of Dean's-yard poised what is conventionally considered a pancake (but which was suspiciously like a stiff old crumpet) on a fork, and, after a few preliminary twirls, tossed it artistically over the bar which separates the upper from the lower school. Thereupon all was confusion—the boys rushed from their seats to catch the farinaceous compound, well understanding that he who should, in spite of the scuffling and hustling, keep it uninjured would be entitled to carry it to the deanery and demand the sum of one guinea there and then from Dean Trench. The kicking and noise reminded one of a football "game at the wall" at Eton, with its attendant "bullies" and "shinnings." This curious ceremony entitles the cook to a guinea or two guineas from the Dean and Chapter, and is a relic of old times, when on Shrove Tuesday all sorts of games were common in England—football, cock-fighting, &c. At Eton School, till very recently, might be seen in the unrestored college halls pegs on the wainscoting, upon which were hung long scrolls of verses called "Bacchuses," from the fact that originally they were written in honour of Bacchus.

MR. MORRISON, the member for Plymouth, was some time ago seized with a fever while travelling through Egypt, and, though the symptoms are said to be abated, he was not at the last date out of danger. He was, however, so far recovered that he is able to journey, and is returning to England by slow stages.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA will leave Copenhagen on the 28th inst. At Kiel she will go on board his Majesty's steamer *Slesvig*, commanded by his Adjutant, Captain P. Smith. On Tuesday her Royal Highness was chosen member of "The Royal Copenhagen Shooting Guild." Mr. Friedländer, the "bird king," had the honour of handing over to her the insignia of the guild. Her Royal Highness's dresses are prepared in England, France, and Belgium. The rest of her toilet will be provided by Mr. Levysohn, of this city, and will not be surpassed in elegance by the best articles from the Parisian establishments.—*Danmark.*

PREPARATIONS IN THE CITY.

The committee of the Corporation charged with the task of providing for the reception of the Prince and Princess in the City on the 7th of March are busily engaged in their duties. It is proposed that seats shall be erected inside the railings of St. Paul's Cathedral for 2000 of the citizens and their wives, a public buildings will be illuminated in the evening. It is proposed that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen shall proceed in open carriages to the Bricklayers' Arms station to receive the Royal party at the terminus. Here, however, another authority intervenes. The Bricklayers' Arms station is within the limits of Southwark; and the inhabitants of that borough, with their High Bailiff at their head, have held a meeting and passed a resolution that they too will proceed in form to the station and present an address of welcome to the youthful pair. A zealous antiquary has discovered that Southwark welcomed arriving Royalty on several former occasions, the latest being the reception given to Henry V. on his return from Agincourt; and the present generation are resolved to imitate the loyalty of their fathers.

The Queen has acceded to the generally-expressed desire of the volunteers that they should be allowed to take part in the progress of Princess Alexandra through London on the 7th of March next. The corps belonging to the city of London will be placed at different points within the City. The other corps who may desire to participate in the procession will be drawn up in Hyde Park.

PREPARATIONS AT WINDSOR.

The arrangements at Windsor Castle are progressing rapidly. On Saturday Princess Alice and Prince Louis of Hesse visited St. George's Chapel for the purpose of making an inspection. They were received by Mr. Turnbull, the Clerk of the Works for the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who explained the general arrangements in the chapel, nave, and assembling-hall. The Royal closet, or pew overhanging the communion-table, is to be prepared for the occasion for the use of her Majesty; and Mr. Turnbull received instructions from Princess Alice on Saturday to alter the front, or window of the pew, so that her Majesty may be enabled to view the ceremony with comfort. A large number of the wooden seats on both sides of the cathedral have been fitted with crimson cloth cushions. The bride's apartment is the middle room on the north side of the hall; on the west of this is that which will be occupied by the Duke of Cambridge; while between Princess Alexandra's apartment and the cathedral is one for her attendants. Exactly opposite the bride's apartment, and on the south side of the hall, is the room appropriated to the Prince of Wales. This is east of the staircase, at the entrance to the Horseshoe Cloisters; and between the bridegroom's chamber and the cathedral is an apartment for his attendants. The walls of the assembling-hall, we believe, will be flat, and ornamented with pilasters; the ceiling will be of a slightly Gothic character, and the paper used will consist of a white veined marble. From the south door of the cathedral preparations are being made for the erection of a covered carriage-way to the archway leading to the Horseshoe Cloisters. This will be 100ft. long, 11ft. broad, and 12ft. high. It will also be provided with a raised footway, five feet in width. The carpet with which the floor of the chapel is to be covered is a Kidderminster, of a moss pattern, the prevailing colours being crimson and black.

The east window of St. George's Chapel is being entirely removed and a new one introduced of wrought stonework of fifteen lights in width and four tiers in height. The new window is dedicated to the memory of the late Prince Consort. The subject comprises the incidents of the birth (Adoration of the Kings), resurrection, and glory of our Lord. To these are devoted the central positions on each tier, each subject occupying seven lights, four on each side of the window are introduced, tier upon tier, and including the following selection of apostles, prophets, and worthies of the Old and New Testaments:—In the lower tier, Asa, Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, Josiah, Nicodemus, Gamaliel, Timothy, the Good Centurion. In the second tier, Abraham, Joseph, Samuel, Daniel, St. John, St. James Minor, St. Bartholomew, St. Barnabas. In the upper tier are introduced the twenty-four elders casting down their crowns before our Lord, the three archangels, and various groups of angels, cherubim, &c. At the base of the window and in immediate connection with the inscription and the armorial bearings of the Prince is a tier of fourteen small subjects, representing an ideal princely figure, in which portraiture is avoided, engaged in various acts of public and domestic usefulness—the idea therein embodied being princely interest in agriculture, science, learning, art, &c. and the series occupying the central division being devoted to scenes of private life.

THE PROVINCES.

The Royal marriage day is likely to be observed throughout the country as a holiday and to be the occasion of general festivity. Everywhere preparations are being made for holding volunteer reviews and public banquets and other entertainments, and all classes seem disposed to do their best to suitably celebrate the auspicious event.

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO a woman who was keeping the house of the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Kingswood, Surrey, during the absence of the family, was murdered. Suspicion fell upon two foreigners, who were tried, but acquitted. Since then a third foreigner, against whom grave suspicions exist, has been apprehended so far north as Hull, and is under remand.

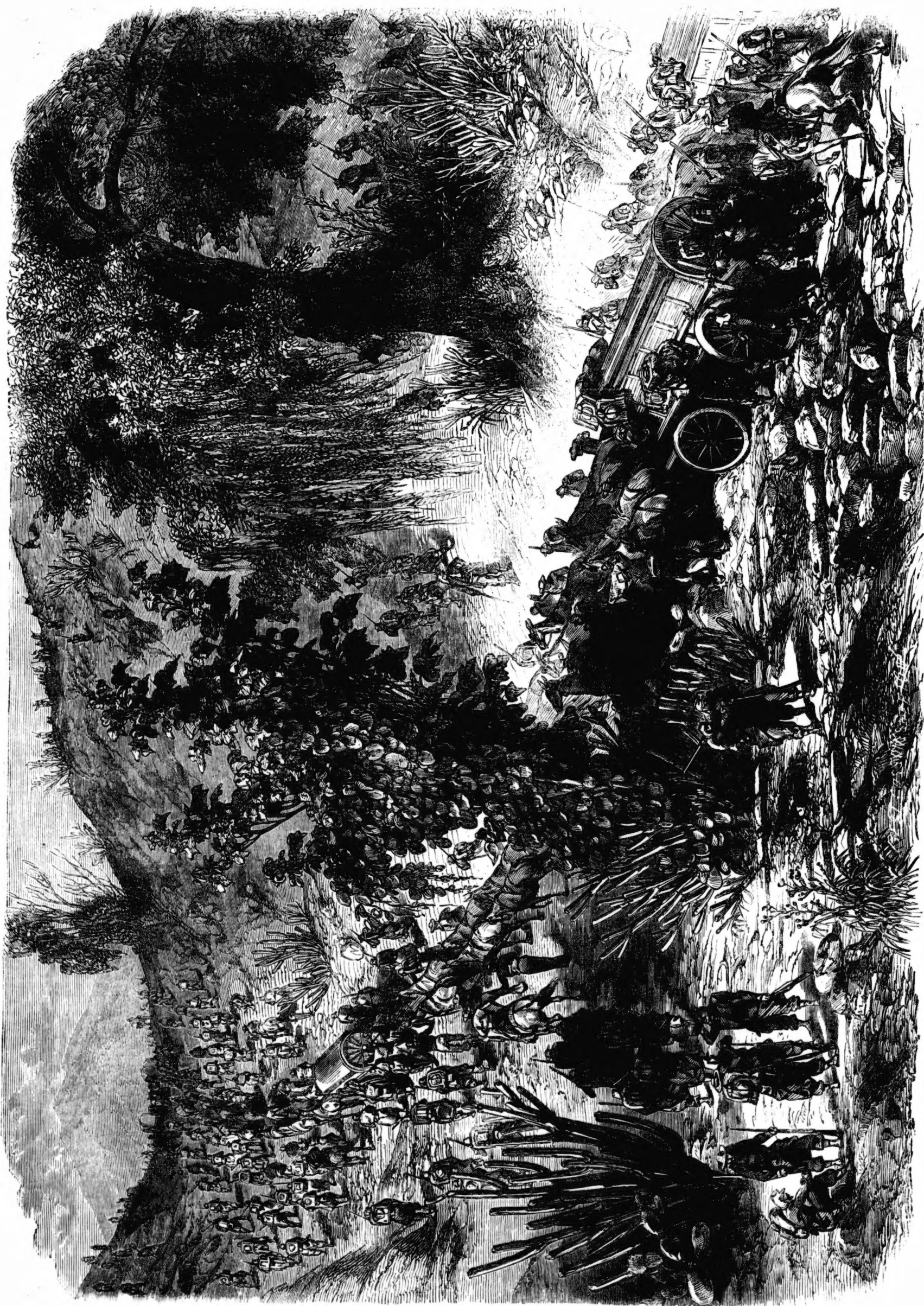
MR. POPE HENNESSY, M.P. for King's County, has been presented by the ladies of Poland with a very handsome screen of heavy black velvet, framed in oak richly carved, and on which the arms of Poland are exquisitely wrought in needlework of silk and gold, with the initials of the honourable member surmounted by a Polish coronet, in acknowledgment of his services to the cause of Poland.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

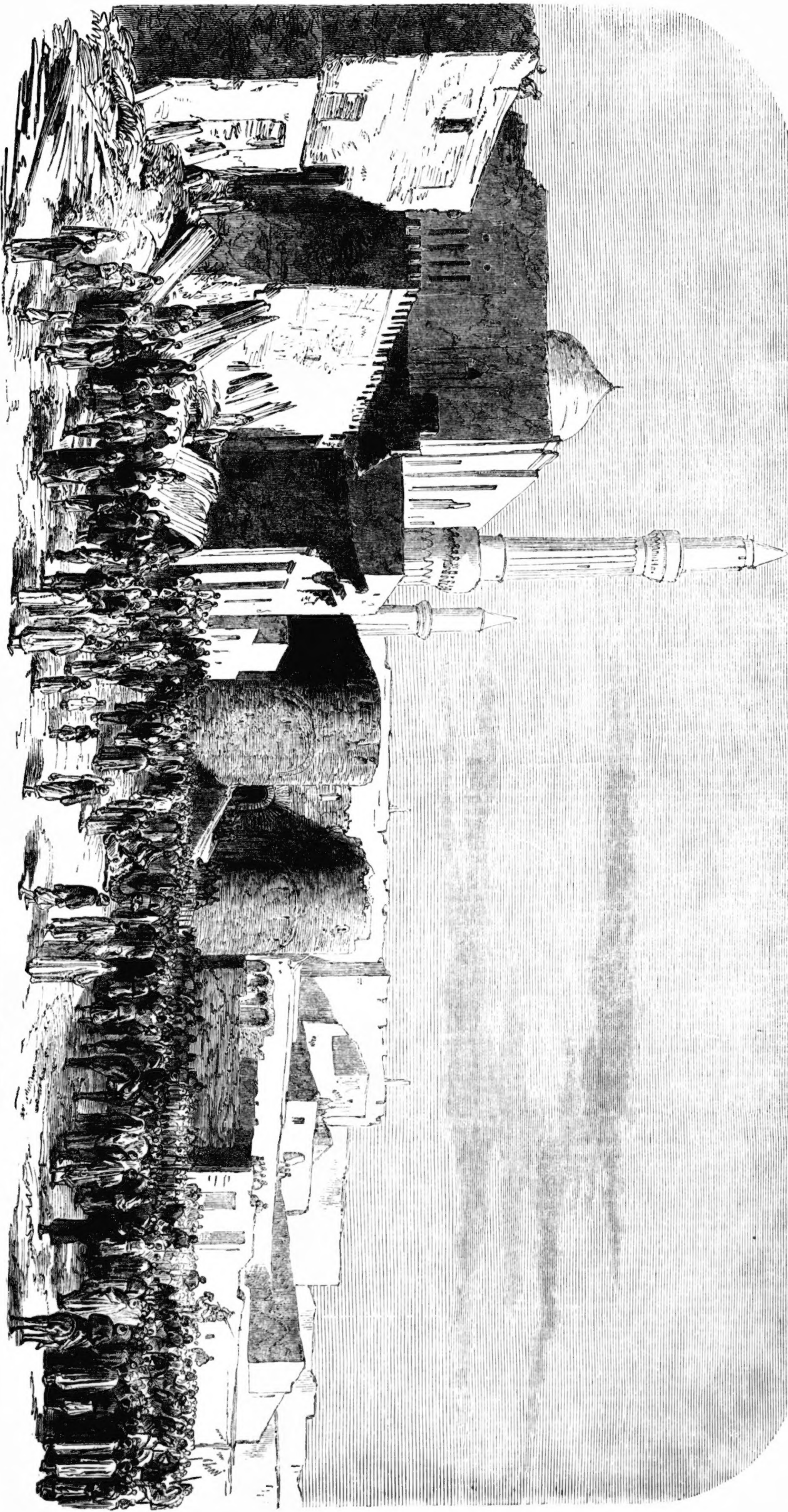
THERE have not been wanting reports from Mexico of serious difficulties, not only by the recent reverses of part of the French troops, but in consequence of the ill-agreement of the various chiefs of the expedition. Meanwhile, the efforts of the French force are still directed towards Puebla, and rumours of the taking of the city and the probable evacuation of Mexico itself by the Mexicans have more than once been spread about Paris.

Provisions and munitions of war are still conveyed from Vera Cruz by the route called the Consulado, a road constructed during the Spanish dominion and named after the tribunal of commerce. It passes by way of Jalapa, Perote, and Puebla, but another road branches off in the direction of Orizaba. The journey is not a little rugged and difficult on account of the debris, boulders of rock, and logs of timber, which in the rainy season are swept from the heights and incur the passage. It is a complete chaos of primitive roadmaking; and to these obstructions must be added the vegetation, which in this tropical climate rapidly attains an enormous growth, the limbs of the trees frequently stretching entirely across the causeway. Under these circumstances the transport of necessities from Vera Cruz to Orizaba is difficult and tedious. It is said, however, that when the railway from Vera Cruz is completed Orizaba will be one of the most frequented resorts on the American continent for visitors and invalids seeking a winter residence in the tropics.

It is situated in a small but beautiful valley between the 28th and 29th degrees of north latitude, at an elevation of about 4000ft. above the level of the sea. On all sides are high and steep mountains covered with wood, interspersed with patches of vegetation, from base to summit; and between these mountains are fertile gorges and



THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.—BAGGAGE-WAGGONS ON THE ROAD FROM VERA CRUZ TO PUEBLA.



ISMAIL PACHA MAKING HIS PUBLIC ENTRY INTO THE CITADEL OF CAIRO AS THE NEW VICEROY OF EGYPT.

little valleys, clothed with crops of Indian corn, sugar-cane, coffee, tobacco, gardens of oranges, limes, bananas, and other products of regions bordering on the hot tropical country. In every one of these gorges are found rivulets or mountain torrents which feed, or serve as outlets for, the four rivers which cross the valley of Orizaba; and in most of them are found neat Indian villages, whose inhabitants live by labouring on the large estates, or by producing articles for this market. The volcano of Orizaba, whose snowy peak is the first object to greet the sight of the traveller at sea on his approach to the crest of Vera Cruz, ever furnishes the most striking characteristic in the beautiful views in and about this place. Between it and the town there are a number of spurs of the Sierra Madre, which rise higher and higher as they recede until the whole family of hills is overlooked by the chaste peak of Orizaba, which stands out white and clear, high above the rest, its height being nearly 14,000 ft. The panorama could not well be more interesting. Near the town are the mountains of Becameña and Borego. Taking a more extended view, the sight is grand, if not enchanting. To the east are the mountains of Tuxtepec, Chichimeca, and Cuautlana; to the north-west Buena Vista; to the north, the Peak of Orizaba; to the west Tlalchichico; and to the south and south-east the mountains of Sonopica, with the high peak of San Cristóbal, and the shadows of other hills in the dim distance. In every direction there are charming passes for horsemen and strollers on foot, which lead to groves and retreats suitable for picnic parties, which already have a fame amongst the natives, and have been much frequented by the officers

of the French expedition. The most famous of these are two cascades on the River Blanco, situated within a short distance of the town, named respectively Berto Nuevo and Rincon Grande.

The climate of Orizaba is temperate all the year round. Frosts rarely fall in the valley, and the heat never is oppressive. Rains and heavy mists prevail during the summer months, but from November to May there is little rain, and the mornings are delightfully fresh and clear, like spring-time at the north.

The French rearguard, with General Forey, still remains in this place, the arrangements for the march upon Puebla not having been yet completed. The artillery also remains behind, and General Lamure, who commands this department, has asked for large extra supplies of ammunition, which cannot be brought up until next month.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE NEW VICEROY OF EGYPT INTO CAIRO.

We had become so familiar with the late Viceroy of Egypt (Said Pacha) during the last few years that his sudden death met with more public recognition in England than would otherwise have been accorded even to so serious an event. He had greatly identified himself with European customs and inventions, and there was some question as to the probable continuance in this course by his successor. It would now appear that Ismail Pacha, the

new Viceroy, is anxious to secure for Egypt the advantages of all substantial improvement, while at the same time he is more careful to reorganise the administration of his Government and to reform its financial condition. Immediately upon the death of Said Pacha, he exhibited a promptitude and decision which was some proof of his being thoroughly in earnest; and although he was educated in France, at the School of the Great Major, grave doubts were at once entertained of his continuing to advance that costly scheme of the Suez Canal to which his uncle had devoted so much attention and directed so many of the resources of the country and of his enormous private fortune.

The first act of the new Viceroy was to enter the citadel of Cairo, where he immediately received the authorities, including the foreign Consuls and the Turkish representatives who had arrived from Alexandria. By the calm decision of his proceedings he not only secured the favourable opinion of the people, but probably checked any disorder which might have arisen from a less active policy.

Numerous accounts have been written of Cairo—of its mosques, its minarets, its water-cisterns, its tall flat-roofed houses of air-dried bricks, with their narrow wooden-grated windows, and upper stories projecting over the steep and narrow streets. By pictures and *et voila* descriptions we have become familiar with its winding lanes, obstructed by caravans of camels, its itinerant water-sellers and dealers in melons, its storytellers and dervishes, its public baths and fountains. Of course the most interesting of the public buildings in Cairo are the mosques. The oldest of the four hundred contained

within the walls of the city is that of Ahmed-eh-el Toodon, which is of unknown date, but was certainly built before the year 879. Perhaps the handsomest mosque is that of Sultan Hassan. It is built of blocks obtained from the Pyramids, and stands immediately below the citadel.

The buildings of the citadel are the most striking objects in a general view of the city, and may be said to be the most interesting in historical associations. This fortress, which was founded, in 1176, by Saladin, is constructed on a calcareous rock in the south-east quarter of the city, of which it forms an abrupt termination. It was within its walls that the massacre of the Mamelukes took place on March 1, 1811. It contains the Mint, the Arsenal, the Voivod's Palace—which has received considerable additions during the past few years—and a splendid mosque, built of Egyptian marble, and erected by native workmen, who set about it with no very definite plan, except that of imitating other buildings of the same style. To make room for this really superb structure, a lofty and ancient edifice called the Hall of Youssef was removed in 1829. "Joseph's Well" is dug in the rock, and consists of two parts, the upper and the lower well, a winding staircase leading to the bottom, at the depth of about 260 ft. The fortress, however, is supplied with water from the Nile, the original aqueduct having been built by Saladin.

Behind the citadel rises the Fort Jebel el Joubel, which is situated upon a rock, and reached by a long causeway. It was on the site of this fort that Mehmet Ali erected a battery against the citadel, then in possession of Khoorhid Pacha, by which he obtained the surrender of the place.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 199.

MR. PEACOCKE AND EPPING FOREST.

MR. PEACOCKE, the member for Maldon, was on Friday week the hero of the House. Mr. Peacocke does not often speak in the House, nor is he by any means one of our foremost speakers. He can, however, speak fluently enough; and, as the event of Friday week shows, when he has a suitable subject, with effect. There is, as we all know, on the east side of London a vast uninclosed space called Epping Forest. This forest in ancient times comprised all Essex. It now comprises 60,000 acres; but 48,000 of these are inclosed and have become private property, and only 12,000 acres remain open. This forest does not belong to the Crown, but to the lords of the manors therein contained. But the Crown has a certain right over the forest—to wit, the right of feeding deer therein; and therefore these forest lands cannot be disposed of without the consent of the Crown. The Crown, however, has of late been in the habit of selling this right and allowing inclosure bills to be passed, and thus gradually a large portion of the forest has been disforested, and has passed away from the Crown entirely; and the area over which the public for long centuries have been wont to disport themselves has been greatly narrowed. Now, seeing that this forest is within a convenient distance of London, and is very much used as a holiday recreation-ground, thousands and tens of thousands of the inhabitants of the metropolis going down there in the summer months to picnic and otherwise to enjoy themselves, this gradual absorption of the forest lands by inclosure has been looked upon with great jealousy, and the wrong inflicted upon the public has been more than once brought before Parliament, but without success; for still the absorbing process went on, and threatened at no very distant day to deprive the public of the whole of this pleasant open country. On Friday week, however, Mr. Peacocke made a gallant stand for the people; for, on going into Committee of Supply, he moved and carried a resolution to the effect that an address be presented to her Majesty praying her not to allow any sales of Crown lands to be disposed of for inclosure within fifteen miles of London. This was at first sight a very startling proposition, no doubt, inasmuch as on the face of it it was a direct interference with the rights and prerogatives of the Crown. But Mr. Peacocke knew what he was about. In the days of William the Norman and of his successors any one interfering with these Royal chases would have been consigned to limbo for his impertinence, or possibly hanged upon one of the forest trees; for those ancient Norman Kings loved the tall deer, and went to great lengths to secure and retain forests for their abode. But our Queen does not hunt the deer; in Epping Forest there are no deer to hunt; and to call these forests Crown lands is a mere fiction. They belong really to the people; the revenues derived therefrom are carried to the Treasury account; and if the people, through their representatives, will it, there can be no question of their right to retain these lands. All this Mr. Peacocke well knew, and gallantly he took his ground, and gallantly the House supported him; for upon a division the Government, who opposed him, had only 73 votes, whilst, on the other hand, 113 gentlemen of all parties followed Mr. Peacocke into the lobby. This, then, is the story of Mr. Peacocke and Epping Forest. In the morning papers, without explanation, this skirmish looked insignificant enough; but it was really a very important affair, and the leader of it deserves great credit for the courage and ability with which he conducted it to a successful issue. And here it is curious to note how times are changed. Seven hundred years ago, and through several centuries afterwards, our ancestors used to battle with the Crown against the forest laws; then, however, the battle was against the Crown's right to make and retain forests; now we fight against the Crown's right to unmake them. Then the King had possession, and the people sought to dispossess him; now it is the sovereign people who have got possession, and the Crown, not by open warfare, it is true, but by stealthy and insidious encroachment, has been trenching upon what the people have long since come to consider their rights.

THE DIVISION—MINISTERS BEATEN.

The division on Friday was a heavy blow and great discouragement to the Government. It was the first division of the Session, and, coming immediately after the great defeat at Devonport, it appeared for the time like the shadow of a coming event still more important. Some people blamed the Government whips very much for this defeat. "They ought to have got their forces together," it was said, "and not to have been taken by surprise in this way." But all this is the mere babble of ignorance. The whips are very assiduous, but

"What can a man do more than he can do?"

Mr. Brand "can call spirits from the vasty deep." Why, so can we; or so can any man; but will they come when we do call for them? Ay, there's the rub! There was a time when the whip of the Government held a wand so potent that when he waved it hundreds of willing men promptly rushed to his aid; but all this is changed now. A spirit of independence has crept over the House, very pleasant to see to those who do not believe in Government by party, but which your whip finds it very awkward to deal with. Mr. Brand might have whipped up "the supporters of the Government," and, possibly, might have filled the Treasury benches, but would he have gained or lost by so doing? Our opinion is that he would have lost, and that the more he increased the numbers of his nominal supporters the greater would have been his defeat. The fact is—and it is patent to all who have an eye to see—a great change has come over the House. Government by party, so lauded by Earl Russell and Mr. Disraeli, is *in articulo mortis*, and henceforth Government must depend upon its measures to win its men, and not upon its men to carry its measures. It is noteworthy that Lord Palmerston was not in the House. Had he been present, this defeat possibly would not have occurred. He would have perceived the temper of the House, and gracefully conceded what he could not prevent.

THE PREROGATIVE OF THE CROWN.

"But are we not trenching upon the prerogative of the Crown by this move?" perhaps some loyal Conservative may anxiously inquire. "I wish the people to enjoy themselves, but I don't like meddling with the prerogatives and property of the Crown." To all which there is this answer, The Crown, meaning thereby the Sovereign, has no more to do with the management of these forests—has no more income from them and has no more control over them—than the meanest of her subjects. Her Majesty has a definite income of £385,000 a year, paid out of the Consolidated Fund, and all the revenues arising from what are called Crown properties are carried to the credit of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the management of these revenues and properties is in the hands of the Government of the day, who are responsible to Parliament—in other words, to the people; and if the people, through their representatives, deem it advisable to retain their forests uninclosed, as recreation-grounds, they have as much right to do so as they have to repeal a tax on sugar or on malt.

LICENSED "WITTLERS" AGAIN.

The licensed "wittlers" are again in distress and once more in arms. Poor wretches! they cannot get a moment's quiet. But this time it is not the Chancellor of the Exchequer who appears as their enemy. The assault comes from Liverpool, whence we have a private bill, called "The Liverpool Licensing Bill," which proposes a vast change in the licensing system of that town—a revolution indeed we might call it, for the object of this bill is to make, within Liverpool, a license to sell intoxicating drinks a right, under certain conditions, instead of a privilege granted by the magistrates. Now, of course, this is a direct attack upon the licensed "wittlers'" monopoly, confined at present, it is true, to Liverpool; but the "wittlers" have the sagacity to see that, if it be successful at Liverpool, the whole fortress will be in danger—that Liverpool is, to use a military phrase, the key of the position; and hence the stir and excitement which again prevails in Witterdom. The active agent and defender of the interests of Witterdom has again been in the lobby exerting himself to put a stop to this daring infraction upon the interests of his employers; and has succeeded in his efforts, the bill having been rejected. The change proposed by this bill may be a good change, but it comes in a questionable shape. A private

bill, surely, is not the means by which such a revolution should be effected. And why should Liverpool be governed upon a different principle to the rest of the world? But though the Liverpool Licensing Bill has been unexpectedly thrown out on the second reading, the Home Secretary has announced that he intends to bring in a bill of the same kind for the whole kingdom.

MR. WHALLEY IN A NEW CHARACTER.

For several years past as often as Mr. Whalley lifted his form above the mass of the members around him there arose a burst of ironical cheers, mingled with sibilant sounds of disapprobation and deprecation. "Oh! oh!" But one night last week when he rose he was met with real hearty cheers of approbation, and, after he had finished, he was complimented on all hands. And whence this change? Well, hitherto Mr. Whalley has appeared before the House only as a Protestant Reformer and an assailant of Rome, an attempter of the impossible, we may say; for though no doubt the Romish heresy is doomed to fall, as all heresies sooner or later must, it will not fall before the impotent hammer of Mr. Whalley. Indeed, it shows no sign of falling yet, all religious stump oratory to the contrary notwithstanding. It is true Luther and his colleagues struck it a heavy blow, and there was a great shout at the time, "Babylon is fallen!" but it was a premature triumph, for the Romish faith is probably numerically and territorially stronger now than it was four hundred years ago. But, however this may be, it was felt by the House that Mr. Whalley's attacks upon the ancient creed were futile and foolish, irritating to many of the members, and wasteful of the time of the House; and hence the expressions of disapprobation, ridicule, and scorn which inevitably broke forth when he mounted this questionable hobby. But on the night alluded to he descended from the transcendent to the real—he left the impossible to attempt the practicable. The monster which is now receiving the attentions of Mr. Whalley is the private-bill system. This system we of course cannot describe here. Suffice it to say that it is an enormous evil—has in it all the vices which can attach to legislation; and if Mr. Whalley should effect a reform he will deserve a civic crown. Our opinion is that he will not achieve what he proposes. This is a monster which Government ought to attack with all its power. But if Mr. Whalley shall do no more than expose the system, draw attention to it, and thus pave the way for its destruction, he will do more good than he would do by popping with his tiny pellet-gun at the Pope for a hundred years.

A WONDER.

And now we have to announce a more wonderful event. The House of Commons has, whilst we are writing, sat ten days; and in that short period an Irish bill of some hundred clauses, not introduced by the Government, has been read a first and second time, run through Committee, passed, and found its way to the Lords. The bill is Colonel Dickson's; the title "The Land Drainage Bill (Ireland)." The name of the bill and its promoter deserve to be chronicled; for, seeing that this is an Irish measure, the rapidity of its passage through the House of Commons is an unparalleled feat. Colonel Dickson's success is, however, not altogether unintelligible. He took time by the forelock. On the second night of the Session the gallant Colonel introduced his bill, and without delay he pressed it on—struck, in short, whilst the iron was hot. And Mr. Vincent Selby has not arrived. Happy Colonel Dickson! Many a weary night's watching and anxiety has he been saved by this unparalleled success.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The proceedings were of very little interest, being confined to a slight discussion on the management of roads in Scotland, and to complaints from officers serving in the army in India that the understanding upon which they were transferred from the Company to the Crown had not been carried out.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

INCLOSURE OF COMMONS.

On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. PEACOCKE moved the presentation of an address to the Crown praying that no sales to facilitate inclosures of Crown lands within fifteen miles of the metropolis be made. The object was to prevent the gradual inclosure of Epping and Hainault Forests.

The Government opposed the motion, but were beaten on a division by 113 votes to 73.

SAVINGS BANKS.

In Committee, The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved a resolution to authorise the bringing in a bill relating to these banks, stating its principal provisions. The chief legislative object of the bill was, he said, to enable the old savings banks to wind up. Another provision was intended to facilitate the transfer of deposits of minors from one savings bank to another. The resolution further contemplated the sanctioning of a limited power of extending the principle of the conversion of perpetual into terminable annuities by operating on the funds in the hands of the Government belonging to the Post-office savings banks. He proposed to convert the annuities now held into permanent annuities of a lower denomination, and the difference of value between the two into terminable annuities.

After a short discussion the resolution was agreed to.

THE TOBACCO DUTIES.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved resolutions charging a reduced scale of duties of customs upon the several kinds of manufactured tobacco. He observed that this was a trade which it was not possible to maintain on the high duties now in force, and the reduction had been hitherto delayed by the difficulty of framing a system of regulations. He gave a general outline of the objects and the effect of the measure he proposed to introduce founded upon the resolutions, one object being to authorise the conversion of unmanufactured tobacco in bond into cavendish or negrohead tobacco to be subject to a lower rate of duty than such manufactured tobacco imported.—The resolutions, after undergoing discussion, were agreed to.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

BUSINESS.

The Earl of DERRY directed the attention of the Government to the statement which had been made on a previous evening to the effect that they would lay upon the table before Easter a list of the measures which they intended to introduce. He wished to know when the list would be ready, for it was highly inconvenient to their Lordships to be brought down night after night and have nothing to do.

Earl GRANVILLE observed that the noble Earl had himself given an opinion that that there were few measures which could be originated in this House; but one of the measures that would be introduced was one with respect to the pollution of rivers by noxious vapours and refuse from chemical works. The noble Earl, in reply to another question of the Earl of Derby, said the papers relating to the Brazilian difficulty would be soon laid upon the table.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FIRE BRIGADES.

In an answer to Mr. Hankey and Mr. Hopwood, Sir G. GREY said he intended to bring in a bill for the better protection of life and property from fire, its object being to enlarge the present system of fire brigades. It was not the intention of the Government to bring in any bill on the subject of church rates.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

In answer to Colonel Sykes, Mr. LAYARD said that reports had reached the Government that Russia had entered into arrangements in China to aid the Tartar Government in taking Nankin, Soochow, and Hangchow, on condition of Chusan and the adjacent islands in the Yang-tze-Kiang being ceded to her, but they had no reason to believe they were true. It was true French officers were employed in training Chinese soldiers, but he had not heard that the French were appropriating land at Ningpo. There were Frenchmen, as well as persons of other nations, employed in collecting the customs duties at Ningpo.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

Mr. COWPER moved for leave to bring in a bill for making a new street from Blackfriars to the Mansion House in the city of London in connection with the embankment of the River Thames on its north side. The street proposed would go in an almost direct route from Chatham-place, Blackfriars, to Charlotte-row, and would be the cheapest of any that had been projected. It was proposed to make a further charge on the coal duties for ten years beyond 1871, to which period the charge for the Thames embankment was limited. A bill was under consideration for the embankment of a portion of the southern side of the Thames between Lambeth Palace and Vauxhall Bridge. Another contemplated metropolitan improvement was the raising of the valley of Holborn-hill.

After some discussion, leave was given to bring in the bill.

THE MALT DUTIES.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER obtained leave to bring in a bill to give an extension of the period for payment of the malt duties, some objections to the measure having been intimated by Mr. Fuller and Mr. Dodson.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH BRAZIL.

Earl RUSSELL entered into some explanations respecting the late proceedings taken against the Brazilian Government by the British Minister at Brazil and Admiral Warren, the commander of the squadron on that station. The noble Earl said that the conduct of the Brazilian Government was so evasive that her Majesty's Government had no other means left than a resort to extreme measures.

Lord DERRY said he still believed that Ministers were to blame in not having published their view of the case earlier; and that, supposing the facts to be as represented by the noble Earl, the measures they had taken were unnecessarily strong.

SETTLEMENT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A message from her Majesty, requesting the House to consider what provision should be made on the occasion of the approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales with Princess Alexandra, was read by the Lord Chancellor, to which their Lordships immediately voted a responsive and loyal address.

AFFAIRS OF ROME.

Their Lordships were occupied for some time longer with a discussion originated by the Marquis of Normanby in reference to the affairs of Rome.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE BLOCKADE OF CHARLESTON.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. Bentinck, said the Government had no further information as to the naval action off Charleston than that which had appeared in the telegrams. He declined to give an opinion as to whether, if the circumstances stated were true, the blockade had been legally raised.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Lord PALMERSTON brought up a message from the Queen asking the House to make suitable provision for an establishment for the Prince of Wales on his marriage. His Lordship moved an address of compliance in reply to the message, and moved that the House take the subject into consideration on Thursday.

Mr. DISRAELI seconded the motion. Sir H. WILLOUGHBY and Mr. WILLIAMS made inquiries in reference to accounts of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, and the accumulations from that source during the minority of the Prince of Wales.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the return would be laid upon the table in the form required by the Act. The address was then agreed to.

COMMERCIAL TREATIES.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD called attention to the subject of commercial treaties. He complained that the Government only sought to obtain treaties with foreign countries after France had obtained treaties with those countries, and that then the British Government only got the same conditions as those obtained by France. The result was that in almost every case no advantage was gained by our manufacturers. In the pending treaty with Italy this was particularly the fact. The hon. gentleman spoke at some length and with great severity of this course of proceeding.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER thanked the hon. gentleman for bringing the subject forward, and made some further complaints.

Mr. LAYARD replied at great length, and promised that in the treaty with Italy the interests of British manufacturers should be fully consulted. In reference to statements made by Mr. Hennessy during the recess to the effect that the trade of England with Italy had fallen off since the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, Mr. Layard quoted returns which had been received at the Foreign Office which showed exactly the contrary to be the fact.

Mr. HENNESSY quitted Board of Trade returns in support of his statement, and said it was disgraceful to the Government that they should give the country contradictory returns on such subjects.

The discussion was continued for some time longer by other members.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FOREST INCLOSURE.

After the presentation of several petitions in reference to the inclosure of Epping and Hainault forests, on the motion of Mr. TORRENS, a return was ordered of the nature of the forest rights possessed by the Crown over the forests of Epping and Hainault.

QUALIFICATION FOR OFFICES ABOLITION BILL.

On the motion of Mr. HADFIELD this bill was read a second time.

AGGRAVATED ASSAULTS ON WOMEN AND CHILDREN BILL.

Lord RAYNAM moved the second reading of this bill.

Alderman SIDNEY moved that it be read a second time that day six months.

Mr. BRISCOE seconded the amendment.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said the crime against which the bill was directed was on the decrease.

On a division the bill was thrown out.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

ROME.

The Marquis of NORMANBY complained of having been misrepresented, as to a despatch which he had written, by the noble Lord (Earl Russell) in the discussion the other evening, as that despatch referred to a particular transaction, and did not give a general opinion. He had, besides, to complain of the despatch being quoted from, although he had been checked for doing the same with others, which were not produced.

Earl RUSSELL said he had not meant to imply that on the particular question at issue the sentiments of the noble Marquis were different from what they were now; neither did he violate the rule respecting unpublished despatches, as he intimated his intention at the time to publish the documents in question.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.—TICKETS OF LEAVE.

The remainder of the evening was occupied with conversations upon the above subjects, the one originating with the Earl of Carnarvon and the other with the Earl of Dudley.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. W. H. P. Gore Langton took the oaths and his seat for West Somerset, in the room of Mr. C. A. Moody, resigned.

The Thames Conservancy Bill, after a considerable discussion, was negatived without a division.

In answer to Mr. Stansfeld, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said the Government did not intend to propose any alterations in the duties on spirits now payable by law.

Mr. Ayrton gave notice that on the second reading of the Tobacco Duties Bill he would move that the whole question be referred to a Select Committee.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MARRIAGE.—THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

On the Message being brought up, Lord PALMERSTON rose to propose a grant for maintaining the establishment of the Prince and Princess of Wales. In doing so, he said, he would remind the House of that of which all were aware—that we had the happiness of living under a constitutional monarchy, the value of which the people of these times were perhaps more aware of than those of any former period. After contrasting the value of our institutions with events which were passing in other parts of the world, he next referred to what had been done in times gone by. The present Prince of Wales was now in the enjoyment of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall; and it was to the honour of her Majesty and the late Prince Consort that, whereas in former years it was the practice that during the minority of the Prince of Wales the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall were added to the available income of the Sovereign, they had in this case been set apart to accumulate for the Prince of Wales when he became of age. These accumulations were very considerable. Some of them were invested in the purchase of the Norfolk estate, which cost £220,000, at a nominal rental of £7000 a year. Something would be required for the outfit of the Prince, and something for building an appropriate residence on the Norfolk estate. The actual or probable income of the Duchy of Cornwall, with the investments and accumulations of which he had spoken, might be taken, in round numbers, at £60,000 a year. He thought that the sum of £100,000 a year would not be superabundant for those expenses which naturally fell upon a person in so exalted a position as the Prince of Wales, and he should therefore propose a grant of £40,000 a year from the Consolidated Fund for the establishment of the Prince and Princess of Wales. But there were expenses to which the Princess of Wales would be put, and there was a treaty between her Majesty and the King of Denmark that she should have £10,000 a year for her separate use. The resolution, therefore, he should propose would amount to £50,000 a year. With regard to the late heavy fines on the renewal of leases on the Cornwall estates, he had to say that the Prince of Wales had consented to an Act to be passed restraining him from taking such fines, and providing that the estate should be dealt with as in ordinary cases. There was only one other matter he had to mention. It was that in the case of a certain event, which he trusted might be long distant, that of the Princess becoming a widow, an allowance should be provided for her. In the last case it was £50,000 a year. In this case he should not propose so large a sum, but should suggest £30,000 a year.

The noble Lord then laid the resolutions embracing the above proposals on the table, amidst loud applause both from the Ministerial and Opposition benches.

Mr. DISRAELI hoped the resolutions would be agreed to *nem. con.* The proposition was temperate and well considered. He hoped it would be adequate, for no one could say it was excessive.

After some observations from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. A. Smith, Sir John Trevelyan, and Mr. Bouvier the resolution was agreed to *nem. con.*

CORRUPT PRACTICES AT ELECTIONS BILL.

After much discussion the bill was read a second time.

The Rate in Aid Bill and some other bills were advanced a stage.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

COOKING-DEPOTS FOR THE POOR.

Our philanthropists are again beginning to turn their attention to the culinary arrangements of the laborious and poorer classes. It is now some years since the correspondent of a contemporary ventured to attribute many of the inconveniences, and even of the vices, of these classes to their want of proper cookery. Food, it was argued, when improperly dressed, remains indigestible; and indigestion too commonly suggests a resort to the dramshop. The poor man is driven from home by the want of proper preparation of his victuals, and frequents the taproom because his home presents no counter-attractions. There is, no doubt, much truth in the arguments thus advanced.

But, if any kind of cookery possible to be practised in a country possessing the domestic appliances of civilisation could be worse than that of the labourer's dinner at home, the highest degree of attainable nastiness has been reached in those establishments which profess to prepare his meals. A few of the old style of cookshops yet remain in our streets. Here and there may still be seen their windows environed by steam through which appears the figure of the dirty proprietor slashing the sodden joints or dividing the penny doles of slabby pudding, watery greens, and crushed, greasy, baked potatoes. On Saturday nights, in the poorer neighbourhoods, the porkbutchers still sell horrible abominations known as "faggots," supposed by the credulous to be compounded of liver and sweet herbs, but known by all others to be made of the vilest sweepings and refuse of the stock.

The British mechanic, to speak of him with all due respect, is in many respects a helpless kind of being. He requires much to be done for him, and if that be not done exactly to his liking he does not attempt to improve matters, but contents himself with keeping sulkily aloof. It was thus with him in respect to the metropolitan mechanics' institutions, which ultimately found their only chance of keeping afloat in completely discarding the class for whose benefit they had been founded. The labouring classes possess, by the nature of their avocations, far greater means of combination for purposes of mutual advantage and protection than any others of the community. And yet all that comes of their opportunities are a kind of benefit societies, in which the amount disbursed in assisting the members contrasts sadly with that which is expended in drink; and trades' unions, by which each labourer is compelled to become a spy and an instrument of vengeance against his offending co-mates. Every institution of solid advantage to the working class—the public reading-rooms, libraries, and saving-banks, for example—has been suggested and matured by persons of wealth and influence content to exercise their own intelligence and energy for the benefit of their humbler fellow-men. The money expended in sustaining the building trades during the last strike would have sufficed to start a movement which by this time might have rendered the Peabody donation a superfluity in reference to the improvement of their dwellings; and yet it left its victims, after months of trial and hardship, exactly where it found them, without a single advantage to counterbalance their sufferings and expenditure.

A new project has now been started, and carried out successfully in Glasgow, for providing the working classes with those comforts which a well-regulated home ought to supply. A cooking-dépôt has been established, where the poor men can dine off wholesome, well-cooked food at a reasonable rate. There is no reason why the system should not be carried out elsewhere; but the chief impediment seems to lie in the working man's utter lack of the power of self-help, or even of combination, for the most obviously beneficial purposes. It is not too late for the labourer to throw off the habits which form at once his bane and his reproach. The middle classes are, and have ever been, ready to assist any scheme for the improvement of his condition; but it is really not asking too much to require that the primary incentive should be, at least, the expression of his own desire for the amelioration of his own lot.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT POMPEII.—A Naples letter has the following:—"A very interesting discovery has just been made by M. Fiorelli, the inspector of the excavations at Pompeii. While digging at a depth of from eight to ten feet the pickaxe struck into a little mass of coins and jewels. M. Fiorelli then continued the excavation with the greatest care, removing the earth grain by grain, and, after some hours' labour, was rewarded by the discovery in the hardened ashes of the perfect mould of a man in a lying posture, the skin of which had dried up, but the skeleton remained intact. M. Fiorelli caused plaster of Paris to be poured into the form of the Pompeian, and the casting succeeded perfectly, with the exception of two fragments of the arm and a leg where the mould was incomplete. The cast of the man is of the greatest precision; the moustache, the hair, the folds of the dress, and the sandals are admirably defined. The famous question of the *Thestrum* of Gronovius and Grevius is now decided—the Romans *did* wear drawers. Also archeologists will be delighted at discovering the manner in which the ancients fastened their sandals, and at seeing the heel of a shoe completely protected with iron."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Great Britain. His Royal Highness has just presented £50 to the Royal Portsmouth Sailors' Home.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL is about to publish a volume on "Utilitarianism." A NEW FRESCO, by Cope, has been set up in the corridor in the House of Lords. It represents the defence of Basing House during the civil war.

MR. E. B. STEPHENS has received a commission to execute the memorial statue of the late Duke of Bedford at Tavistock.

MR. NOEL PATON, R.S.A., has received a commission from her Majesty to paint a picture memorial of the Prince Consort, the subject being the Royal family around their widowed mother.

GENERAL GARIBALDI has sent 100 francs as a contribution towards the relief of the Lancashire distress, and a like sum to the distressed workmen of France.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL of the Printers' Pension Society, we learn, will take place at the London Tavern on the 23rd of April, under the presidency of Viscount Enfield, M.P.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT has prohibited the exportation of arms and ammunition across the frontier into Russia.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES were issued on Monday. They amount altogether to £10,736,032. The sum voted last year £11,794,305; the reduction is, therefore, upwards of a million.

THE YELVERTON MARRIAGE CASE has been set down for hearing on appeal in the House of Lords, but it will probably not be heard till immediately after the reassembling of the House at the close of the Easter recess.

AN ADDRESS from the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce to the Captain and Lieutenant of the George Griswold was presented on Monday at St. George's Hall, at a crowded and enthusiastic meeting. The Mayor of Manchester took part in the proceedings.

AT THE REQUEST of THE PRINCE OF WALES, a week's extra holiday at the Midsummer vacation has been granted by the Head Master to the scholars attending the Grammar-school at Uppingham, Rutlandshire—a fact which, when announced, elicited a hearty round of cheers for his Royal Highness.

THE WINTER is very severe in Portugal. A large quantity of snow has fallen; the railways were damaged on some points; and all building operations are suspended.

THE PREMISES of the Bank of Manchester were entered by thieves on Saturday night, and gold and silver to the amount of £1060 4s. carried off.

THE KIDDERMINSTER RAILWAY STATION was destroyed by fire on Saturday night last.

BALBI, the Speaker of the Greek Assembly, was offered an official salary of 1000 drachmas per month, which he refused, limiting his acceptance to 150, or about 30s. per week.

GARIBALDI HAS SENT to the Italian journals a letter calling on Englishmen to proffer assistance to the Poles in their present fight for the independence of their country and for liberty.

THE EXPENSE of the diplomatic service last year amounted to £436,431.

LADY SOPHIA WELLESLEY, daughter of Earl Cowley, and Lord Royston, eldest son of the Earl of Hardwicke, were married at the British Embassy, Paris, on Monday.

IN A PARAGRAPH which appeared in our Number for Feb. 7 it was stated that the late Mr. Thomas Robinson had left a legacy of £2 10s. to the Lifeboat Institution. This was a typographical error—the sum bequeathed by Mr. Robinson to that excellent institution being £210.

A PUBLIC MEETING TO PROMOTE THE REPEAL OF THE MALT DUTIES was held by farmers and others connected with Kent, at the Bridge House Hotel, Southwark, on Monday, when an association was formed for the purpose of agitating the question.

AN ADVERTISEMENT which lately appeared in an Irish paper says:—"Missing from Killarney, Jane O'Fogerty; she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow all black, with red hair, and tortoiseshell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully."

A KIND OF BOMBHELL was thrown into the vaults of the Royal Palace at Naples lately during a ball given by the Duchess of Genoa. Several hundred panes of glass were broken. A great panic occurred, but there were no victims. The author of this attempt remains unknown.

THERE WERE AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND £968,477 16s. 2d. unclaimed dividends on the 31st ult., and of that sum £369,230 1s. 4d. was advanced to the Government under old Acts of Parliament, leaving £599,247 14s. 10d. remaining in the Bank.

TWO SPORTSMEN, named Lester and Beckwith, shot in one day, in December last, within a few miles of San Francisco, California, 520 teal ducks, 70 pigeons, 52 songbirds, 32 plover, 42 snipe, and 66 geese.

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG has resigned the official position he has held for the last three or four years as ordnance engineer and superintendent of rifled ordnance construction to the War Department.

THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS of the ADMIRALTY have just rescinded the order recently issued by the Comptroller of the Navy that the boats of all ships in commission should be fitted exclusively with Captain Kynaston's detaching-hooks; and directed that Clifford's system of lowering is to be fitted instead when applied for by officers in command.

A FIRE consumed property estimated at £30,000 in Newcastle-on-Tyne on Friday week. The fire broke out in a cluster of leather dressers' warehouses, and, in consequence of a scarcity of water, this enormous damage was done to property.

THE EXPENSES of PARLIAMENT are annually about £158,369, of which £72,684 is expended in printing, and the remainder in salaries and expenses, including £5000 salary to the Speaker of the House of Commons.

THE ESTATES of HOLSTEIN will, it is said, grant a dowry to Princess Alexandra, but only in her Royal Highness's quality as Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, and not as Princess of Denmark.

WILLIAM CADES, a baker and postmaster, in York-road, Battersea, deliberately laid his head upon the rails in front of an express-train on the line near Wandsworth-common, on Monday, and was instantly crushed to death. He had been labouring under great depression of mind lately.

"ALFRED" being a hard name for the Greeks to naturalise, they have taken to calling Prince Alfred "The Son of the Widow." Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, who was, but is not now, a candidate for Regal honours, is known among them as "The Uncle"—he being the uncle of Prince Alfred, and his name even more difficult for Grecian tongues to pronounce.

A NEGRO has been indicted for grand larceny at St. Louis, Missouri. The question was raised as to whether he was a freeman or a slave at the time of the offence. Evidence was elicited that he was born a slave in Mississippi. The Judge gave an elaborate decision, declaring the prisoner a free man by virtue of the President's proclamation.

THE DUKE of COBURG was greeted as he entered his box at the theatre of Gotha on the evening of the 6th with thundering applause by the public, who rose to their feet and kept up a fire of "Hoche!" for several minutes. The cause of this display of enthusiasm was the announcement that the Duke had determined not to accept the Greek crown.

THE PEABODY TRUSTEES have purchased from the Crown a piece of land in Commercial-street, Spitalfields, and are preparing to erect dwellings for the poor thereon. The architect is Mr. Darbysaire. The trustees are in negotiation for other properties in various parts of London, which will be applied to a similar purpose.

M. CIEZYEWSKI, the editor of a Polish paper published at Lemberg, has been condemned to three years' imprisonment, the Court having found him guilty of high treason. The preliminary examination of the unfortunate gentleman lasted thirteen months!

THE NEXT MEETING of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will commence at Newcastle on the 26th of August.

A GENTLEMAN, at present unknown, committed suicide by jumping off London Bridge on Tuesday morning.

THE circumstances connected with the mysterious murder of Francis Saville Kent at Road, on the 29th of June, 1860, are, likely, it appears, again to become the subject of judicial investigation.

THE KING of the BELGIANS made his appearance on Tuesday, for the first time after a lengthened retirement, in the streets of his capital. King Leopold drove through several of the principal streets, and appeared to be, it is stated, in good health and spirits.

THE PALACE of the BISHOP of LINCOLN, situated at Riseholme, about three miles from Lincoln, took fire on Sunday morning, and considerable damage was done before the flames were extinguished.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE has decided upon holding its annual meeting in July next, at Rochester, under the presidency of the Marquis Camden, K.G. Professor Willis, president of the British Association; Dean Hook, of Chichester; and Lord Talbot de Malahide, will preside respectively in the sections of architecture, history, and mediæval antiquities.

THE CELLARS of MESSRS. CHAWEN BROTHERS, wine-merchants, situated under Percy Chapel, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, were broken open on Monday by some person or persons, and wine in bottles and wood to the amount of £500 destroyed, the bottles being smashed and the lungs drawn from the pipes, the flooring of the cellars being completely saturated with the wine which was allowed to flow all over the place.

BY DIRECTIONS of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London the sum of £50 has been given to the National Life-boat Institution from the funds of the Cholmondeley Charities.—The Drogheada life-boat, belonging to the National Life-boat Institution, rescued on Tuesday last, during a heavy surf, the crew of five men of the schooner Mary Anne, bound from Liverpool to Drogheada with Indian-corn. She had struck on the North Bill Sands, near Drogheada.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT FISHMONGERS' HALL.

THE Prince of Wales was last week elected a member of the ancient Company of Fishmongers of the City of London, and the Engraving on the following page represents the ceremony of his Royal Highness "taking up" his freedom in the great hall of the Corporation on the 12th inst. The hall had been handsomely decorated for the occasion, which was enlivened by the presence of the winners of Doggett's Coat and Badge, and by the strains of the band of the Royal Artillery. A large number of the members of the company and their friends were present, and in the centre of the great hall a dais was erected for the use of the Prince. His Royal Highness, who, on arriving, was loudly cheered, was conducted to the reception-room, and thence to the great hall, by the Prime Warden, the Wardens, and other gentlemen, amongst whom were Lord Clyde, several members of Parliament, the Recorder of the City, &c.

After his Royal Highness had taken his seat on the dais, Mr. Towse, the clerk, read from the minute-book the record of the Prince's election as a freeman of the company; at the conclusion of which his Royal Highness advanced to the table, and, standing, made the following declaration:—

I solemnly and sincerely declare that I will be true and faithful to our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and to her heirs and successors; in all matters lawful and honest I will be obedient to the Wardens of the Mystery of Fishmongers of the city of London for the time being in that office, and ready to come at their summonses and lawful warning, except I have a lawful excuse, without feigning or delay, according to the lawful ordinances of the Mystery of Fishmongers aforesaid, which ordinances and every of them to my power I will observe and keep, or else will pay such penalties and fines as I shall forfeit by reason of my disobedience. And I make this solemn declaration, consciously intending and being resolved faithfully and truly to abide by, perform, and fulfil the same; and by virtue of the provisions of an Act made and passed in the fifth and sixth years of the reign of his Majesty William IV., cap. 62, intitled "An Act to repeal an Act of the present Session of Parliament, intitled 'An Act for the more effectual abolition of oaths and affirmations taken and made in various departments of the State, and to substitute declarations in lieu thereof, and for the more entire suppression of voluntary and extra judicial oaths and affirmations, and to make other provisions for the abolition of unnecessary oaths.'"

His Royal Highness having again taken his seat, Mr. Towse presented him the box containing the freedom; after which Mr. Alderman Cubitt, one of the Wardens, addressed the Prince on the part of the Prime Warden and the company, congratulating him on his admission to the freedom of the ancient corporation; and, in allusion to the approaching marriage of his Royal Highness, concluded as follows:—

In common with all her Majesty's subjects, the Fishmongers' Company contemplate with satisfaction and with joy the approaching happy event which is to unite your Royal Highness in holy wedlock with the illustrious, beautiful, and accomplished Royal lady, Princess Alexandra of Denmark. They hope that Providence may bless your Royal Highness and your Royal bride, and that the career which awaits your Royal Highness in the most exalted position which man can inherit may be highly affected by those cares and anxieties which accompany great responsibilities; that successful results may attend all your Royal Highness's undertakings; and that your Royal Highness may be blessed with a long, a healthy, a happy, and a prosperous life.

The Prince of Wales then rose and spoke as follows:—

Mr. Cubitt and Gentlemen, It is with the greatest pleasure that I find myself called on to return my sincere thanks to the Prime Warden and the gentlemen of the Court of Assistants of this honourable and ancient Company of Fishmongers for the complimentary and kind terms in which you have expressed yourselves towards me on the occasion of my taking up my freedom and on your enrolling my name as a citizen with those illustrious personages and relatives who stand recorded in your annals. It cannot be otherwise than a source of pride, and of a still deeper feeling—that of affection—when I look on these walls and see the forefathers of those whose son and grandson hopes to form one of your distinguished body; and to be thought worthy of occupying the place of that lamented parent whose loss the whole country has united in deploring, would be in itself an object of my highest ambition. Gentlemen, let me also tender to you my warmest acknowledgments for the manner in which you have offered your congratulations to me on my approaching marriage, and to the young Princess who hopes so soon to adopt the proud title of an Englishwoman, and to prove herself a comfort to the Queen in her affliction.

His Royal Highness and suite then retired.

A curious incident occurred during the delivery of Mr. Cubitt's speech. He forgot the name of the Princess whose virtues he was extolling, and, amidst the titters of the ladies, had to be reminded of it by some of the gentlemen who were sitting near him.

THE ROUELL CASE.

THIS case has again come before the public in a way which revives all the interest formerly felt in regard to it. It appears that a witness has been found who swears that he witnessed the execution, by old Mr. Roupell, of the deed of gift of the Roupell Park estate to William Roupell, which the latter declared he had forged, and for that deed is now suffering the sentence of penal servitude for life. The question of ownership of the Roupell property is still pending between the heir-at-law, Richard Roupell, and the purchasers of the property from the convict William Roupell, and, under the bill for the perpetuation of testimony, a special examiner was appointed by the Court of Chancery, and the witness above referred to has been examined before him. The name of the witness is Alfred Douglas Harwood. He was clerk in the service of Mr. Rees, the solicitor who usually transacted the law business of Mr. Richard Palmer Roupell, William Roupell being an articled clerk in the same office. In the long vacation of 1853 William Roupell asked the witness if he could recommend him as a conveyancer. Witness inquired of him whether it was for his own business or that of Mr. Rees, and was informed by him that it was for his own; upon which the witness advised him not to go to Mr. Rees's conveyancer, Mr. Enly, as Mr. Rees would know of it. William Roupell said he would go to him, as he did not mind that. This was all that passed then, and Mr. Harwood heard no more of the matter until William Roupell asked him to go to Cross-street, Blackfriars, to see his father execute a deed. That afternoon they went together in a cab, William Roupell bringing with him a small parcel, which he opened when they stood in the room in Cross-street. The witness states that when they came into the room William Roupell shook hands with his father and mother, and Mr. Richard Palmer Roupell shook hands with witness. William Roupell said, "Mr. Harwood is here, father, as I mentioned he would be this morning." He then opened the parcel which contained the deed, and showed it to his father, who said, "Very well, Bill." The deed was placed on a small table near the fireplace, and old Mr. Roupell spent some time in reading it. The witness was questioned particularly as to the time, which he declared to have been more than five minutes, and did not think had been a quarter of an hour, but quite long enough to admit of reading the deed, which is short. Mr. Richard Palmer Roupell conversed with his wife for some time, and William Roupell asked him, "Father, will you sign?" on which the old man signed and sealed the deed, and Mr. Roupell executed it also. The witness remained and had some tea with the family, and then, at the request of William Roupell, took charge of the deed, which was somewhat remarkable in appearance, being on two skins, one of which was nearly covered by a map of the estate. William Roupell shortly afterwards left the house, and the witness went out with Mr. Richard Palmer Roupell, who, he states, was fond of the company of young men. When he left the house the witness took the deed under his arm, carried it home with him, and finally locked it up for the night in a drawer in his bedroom. The next morning he looked at it and discovered that it was a deed of gift from Mr. Richard Palmer Roupell to his son—in fact, the very deed which William Roupell subsequently declared to have been forged by himself. He delivered it on that day to William Roupell. The witness had not previously seen Mrs. Roupell, but pointed her out in the courthouse on the occasion of the late trial as the lady who had signed the deed. Interrogatories have been delivered to Mrs. Roupell by the plaintiff, to which she has put in her answer upon oath, admitting that she did sign this deed in the presence of Alfred Douglas Harwood in the latter end of 1853; and that in October, 1853, she acknowledged the same before a Judge. For the benefit of the uninitiated in such matters, we may say that a Judge could not affix his signature to the certificate of such acknowledgment without having first been satisfied by the party acknowledging that she fully comprehended the provisions of the deed; so that the full import of the deed of gift must have been explained to Mrs. Sarah Roupell three years before the death of her husband. Evidence is also said to be forthcoming that Mr. Richard Palmer Roupell stated that the improvements he was carrying on on this estate were not for himself, but for William.

WRECKS IN THE THAMES.—Two wrecks are at present incumbering the lower channel of the Thames. The first occurred last week, when two colliers standing up the river ran foul, and one sent the other to the bottom. The crew were saved. In the other case the result was more disastrous. The collier *Septre* had brought up in the Lower Hope, a few miles below Gravesend, when the Dundee steamer *Scotia* ran into her stern and cut her down to the water's edge. She filled and sank. Two men went down in her who are supposed to have been killed by the collision, as they were in their berths immediately at the part of the ship where the steamer struck her.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES RECEIVING THE FREEMEN OF THE FISHMONGERS' COMPANY AT THE CORPORATION HALL, FEBRUARY 12, 1863.



THE ROMAN LETTER-WRITER.—(FROM A PICTURE, BY E. MEYER, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEEN DOWAGER OF DENMARK.)

THE ROMAN LETTER-WRITER.

OUR Engraving represents one of a pair of pictures, the property of the Queen Dowager of Denmark, by whose permission they were placed in the gallery at the International Exhibition.

The scene reproduced is one full of interest to the artist, since it affords him an opportunity for studying both picturesque effect and intense expression in illustrating a phase of ordinary life at Rome, where the public letter-writer is still a popular functionary.

The truthful rendering of both these qualities in the present picture enables the spectator not only to realise the locality but the entire story. The shady corner beneath that ancient column supporting a beplastered wall, the rough wooden door ornamented with some common print of a saint, the niche in which the flowers stand before the image of the Virgin, the passing priest apparently regardless of the clerical confidant—all these are so real that we seem to be looking at them from the steps of some decayed palace opposite, where we also have sought shelter from the

sun. Who could not imagine that he heard the low soft tones of the benevolent old scribe (his face beaming with some reminiscence of his own youth perhaps) as he reads to the delighted *contadina* the letter which has come in reply to that written for her on her last visit? What a skilfully-expressed letter must that have been to have evoked a response warm enough to light up those sparkling eyes!

The profession of writing letters for others has never flourished in England, although some years ago there might have been seen in Wapping, Shadwell, and other localities to which sailors resorted, announcements in small shop windows to the effect that letters were written there "to all parts of the world;" or that "a large assortment of letters on all sorts of subjects" were "kept within;" but there are now few if any traces of the custom.

In Paris, too, there were formerly, as there may be now, a few scribes who united to their other business that of writing and answering letters on any given subject; but it is only in Rome and in Naples that the profession may be said to be popularly established.

There the letter-writers occupy no office, or "bureau;" seldom even do they rent so much as a stall under a shop. They sit in some quiet but well-known spot—often near the post-office—their stock-in-trade consisting of a common table, a couple of stools, pens, ink, paper, a huge penknife, and a pair of spectacles, which at least look grave and imposing, whether they are necessary or not.

It can scarcely be doubted that by far the greater part of their time is spent in writing love-letters, and what occupation could be more delightful, if it were not for the difficulty of varying the composition to suit every temperament? The price of an epistle varies, of course, according to its length and to the importance of the subject; but it is in most cases so small that even the poorer peasants can afford the occasional luxury of communicating with their friends.

Even on these small fees the scrivani contrive to live, to keep their families, and even (on holidays) to indulge in that universal Italian luxury, a hired carriage.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE defeat at Devonport is the heaviest blow that the Government has received. Devonport has for years returned a Government candidate; indeed, it had come to be thought that it was as safe as Calne; and to have chosen such "a rabid, wild, harum-scarum Tory-Chartist" as Busfield Ferrand is really too bad. But is there not a cause? I think there is. Of course, the Conservative papers attribute the change to a Conservative reaction. "The fact is," said a Conservative agent, "the Whig Government is so intolerable that even their own officials revolt." But I need hardly say that this is all nonsense. I wish it were true. It would be refreshing to know that anything like principle induced these men to revolt. But it is not true. The insurrection, I am persuaded, can only be traced to revenge. The truth is that a good many reforms have been introduced into the dockyards: the accounts are kept better, and the stores are watched and checked with more care and accuracy. But the great reform is that to which, I remember, I called your attention some two years ago. I mean the placing the dockyards under the custody of the metropolitan police. Before that was done the dockyards were something wonderful. In fact, stealing had come to be considered no crime, and stolen goods were looked upon as allowed perquisites. To such an extent did this system of peculation prevail that the Government, when it came to be revealed, could not prosecute, the number of people implicated (some of them, I am told, occupying a respectable position in society) was so great. Copper sheathing and copper bolts were the chief currency in this nefarious trade; and these disappeared with a rapidity and in quantities which quite astonished the new police. Well, this system has been effectually checked, if not destroyed; and, of course, all the malefactors have become malcontents; and I am assured that this is the main cause of the Government defeat; and, if this be so, surely the defeat is an honour rather than a disgrace.

The retirement of Mr. Freeland from the representation of Chichester was sudden and unexpected. And when the new writ was moved the House was taken by surprise, and eager inquiries as to the cause were made. "What has he got? Surely he has not retired for nothing; he must have got some place." These were remarks which everywhere one heard at the clubs and in the lobbies of the House—for it is recognised in these places that a lawyer never enters the House without a view to place, and never voluntarily leaves until he gets one. But it has transpired that ill-health has forced Mr. Freeland to resign. Mr. John Abel Smith is in the field; and, as he lost his seat for Chichester in 1859 by only one vote, he will in all probability be successful. I have at present heard of no Tory candidate.

There were rumours on Tuesday that Sir Arthur Buller was to succeed Mr. Whitbread as a Lord of the Admiralty, and that, consequently, there would be another election for Devonport; but these rumours are not true, or, at all events, are premature. Mr. Whitbread is ill, and possibly may resign; but I hardly think that Sir Arthur Buller would, in the present excited state of Devonport, like to venture down there for re-election; nor do I think the Government would choose to risk another defeat by appointing Sir Arthur to the Admiralty.

Who shall henceforth reproach us for our want of gallantry? Pall-mall is just now in a state of convulsion because a proposition has been made that the clubs should be temporarily thrown open for the admission of ladies on the occasion of Princess Alexandra's entry into London. Balconies are to be erected, and those peculiar banquets known as "cold collations" to be offered. Fancy Fatima with the key to Bluebeard's secret chamber! Fancy Angelina invading those penetralia where Edwin spends so many of his guilty absences from home! And how grand will the fogies be! Old Major Pendennis doing the garrulous amiable, and the cynics of the committee trying not to turn their noses up and to look pleasant!

A volume is preparing for publication at the Victoria Press, entitled "Something New; or, Tales for the Times." The entire profits are to be given to the Lancashire Relief Fund. The book is edited by Captain Eustace W. Jacob (late 99th Regiment), and contains short entertaining stories from the pen of the editor, Mr. William Dalton, Mr. Thomas Cannon, Mr. Burton Wollaston, and Mrs. Charlotte O'Brien.

Mr. Lionel Brough, one of the well-known "Brothers" of that ilk, is about to appear as a lecturer at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, where he will deliver an original comic and musical version of "Cinderella and the Fairy Slipper." Mr. Lionel Brough is not wholly new to the public stage or platform, he having already appeared, in conjunction with his brother, in a dialogue entertainment, and taken a prominent part in several performances of the "Savage Club."

The *Lancet*, in commenting upon the recent notorious breach of promise case of "Russell v. Adams," says, in its last number, "The case, as it is presented to us by the trial, is one of deep interest to the profession at large. It exhibits medical men exposed to dangers against which, in so far as we see, no prudence can always save them, no foresight always direct them. The despicable instigators of the attack may be forgotten, but the power which persons of this class and tendency possess must always be remembered." I have not quoted this to contradict it; I concur in every word. But, as I have it on indisputable authority that the "despicable instigator of the attack" is a "person of the class" of which the *Lancet* is the organ, I am not a little amused at the tone of the article. The writer little thinks that a respectable medical man, not the rival, but what is called "a friend" of Mr. Adams, took up Miss Russell's case, and furnished funds for its prosecution. I do not hear that he is charged with anything beyond a stupid and mistaken chivalry, or that his good faith is impugned by his silly complicity with an intriguing woman. I am told that more than one clergyman was in court who had been subjected to the same trumped-up charge as Mr. Adams, but that through some legal technicality their evidence could not be received. Sunday-school teaching and deformed feet appear to have been made equally available by this pair. Given, an opportunity for conversation with clergyman or doctor, and witnesses are "laid on" to watch every nod, note every smile, and misconstrue every word and action of the victim. But the Russells are clumsy practitioners; their cases have all been so mismanaged as to deceive no one, except the childish old doctor, whose fruitless protection and mistaken pecuniary aid remind me of nothing so much as Don Quixote at the Spanish inn, when he proclaims the two "ladies of pleasure" as the most peerless, the most beautiful, and the most virtuous creatures on God's earth. By-the-way, the cost to Mr. Adams of his defence and acquittal will amount, I hear, to about a thousand pounds!

The Rev. Regina'd Shutte, the Exeter clergyman, who will write the life of his episcopal "pastor and master," whether he likes it or no, has just given to the world the first instalment of his biography of Dr. Philipotts, Lord Bishop of Exeter. It is not well done. Literary "scampering" is everywhere perceptible, and when any great point in the life—such as the celebrated pamphlet on the Peterloo massacre—has to be discussed, the Rev. Reginald betrays a sad lack both of philosophic grasp and political knowledge. He makes one startling statement. After Dr. Philipotts left the rectory of Stanhope, his successor was informed by an old woman that the Bishop of Exeter had "sent two of her sons to heaven"! Surely the disadvantage of being on ill terms with your biographer was never exemplified more strongly. I expected to find the Bishop severely handled on theological and political points, but I little thought he would be charged with violating the sixth commandment. I don't believe a word of it. It's a calumny hatched by the malignant Shutte.

At the risk of being in some quarters pitied for the lack of that *peu plus de bon gout* which the Archbishop of Granada wished to Gil Blas, I hazard the expression of a wish that the command with which Mr. Noel Paton has just been honoured by her Majesty had been given some two or three months since. Mr. Paton is to paint a picture-memorial of the late Prince Consort, and the subject chosen is the Royal family round their widowed mother. Mr. Paton's pencil is singularly powerful in its delineation of grief (as witness his "In Memoriam" picture of the Cawnpore atrocities); and, had this distinguished artist received the commission earlier, we might have been spared the exhibition of a photographic representation of such private sorrow as was surely never meant to have been publicly paraded. This *tableau*, in which her

Majesty and several of her children are all posed round a miniature of the late Prince Consort, which miniature is skilfully tilted into focus, is apparently as genuine as careful sitting, clever manipulation, and a favourable sun can make it. It is in the windows of the best shops, and copies sell briskly at 14s. a piece. The question arises, How did it get published? for it is well known that her Majesty is as jealous of her privacy as she is of the memory of her husband, and one can scarcely imagine that it was with her sanction given to the world. Of another photograph, but one which from its manipulation as well as its subject—the deathbed of the Prince Consort—is evidently an imposture and a make-up, it is impossible to speak without horror and disgust. It is an outrage on the feelings of every member of the deceased Prince's family and an insult to his widow. It is impossible that its existence can be known to the Queen, or it would long since have been cancelled.

Apropos of this subject, I may mention that M. Gehman, the photographer to the Royal family of Belgium, who took some splendid portraits of the Queen, Princess Alexandra, and the Prince of Wales while they were at Laeken, and who is the sole possessor of a design for magnifying photographic portraits to life-size, is now in England, and has this week been to Windsor to exhibit the products of his skill to her Majesty.

Here is a good advertisement, culled from the front page of last Saturday's *Athenaeum* :—

To Amateur Authoresses.—A young composer (German school) requires a short libretto for an opera. Should any lady offer to write one, he will willingly call and communicate his ideas on the subject.

No doubt of it! My experience of young composers ("German" and foreign "schools" generally) is that they always do show great willingness both in calling and in "communicating their ideas." Kind and thoughtful as is this proposal of Mossoo, I don't think I can commend it to the lady readers of this column. You see advertising professors of the "German school" are, as a class, of the shadiest; and, however delightful may be the notion of acquiring fame and money as a writer of librettos, still neither "Her Majesty's" nor "Covent Garden" absorb all the operas composed, and this musical foreigner is possibly not a great genius in disguise. His effusion reads to me very like a lined twig for the rich and sentimental "Engleeshe Meesses," whose generic yearning for "subjectivity," appreciation, and "soul," is an article of faith in Leicester-square. The advertisement is probably due to the united inspirations of Alphonse and Karl, who, reading it fondly over their pipes and "portaire beere," have pronounced it a noble device for raising a passion between two fuddled spirits, who, like Mr. Leech's fox-hunting snob and the old Peer, "would not otherwise meet."

How are we to define what is and what is not a fit subject for poetic treatment? Mrs. Leo Hunter wrote an "Ode to an Expiring Frog," and since her day the genius of domesticity has prompted many a stanza to a pap-bowl, and many a sonnet to the sugar-tongs; while angels in the house, together with the details of their weekly bills, have been foisted, *ad nauseam*, upon a patient public. The last specimen I have seen of poetry applied to every-day life is a little book recently published, called "Illustrations of the Beauties of Tropical Scenery," wherein the author thus beautifully apostrophises the act of washing himself :—

Divine ablution! antidote to heat!
Pure pristine pleasure, unalloyed with bane!
Arm'd in thy panoply, secure I meet
The noonday sun!

Pretty, isn't it? If this kind of thing is to go on, the late Mr. Arthur Clough never did a worse thing than when he wrote of the "Goddess of Bathing." His unhappy phrase evidently furnished the model upon which the above distich has been framed. Surely, common every-day topics are plentiful enough without running "washing" to death. It's good and wholesome, and there's an end of it. We don't want poems to prove that it's better to be dirty than clean.

The author of the popular "Things not generally Known" series has just brought out a companion volume to that work, entitled "Things to be Remembered in Daily Life; with Personal Experiences and Recollections."

THE INNOCENT RIFLE BRIGADE.—In their passage across the Euxine our battalions had not yet been followed by that evil horde who are accustomed to cling to an army, selling strong noxious drinks to the men. Therefore our army was without crime. It was with something more than mercy, it was with kindness and gentle courtesy, that the people of the villages were treated by our soldiery, and the interpreters had to strain the resources of the English tongue in order to convey a faint apprehension of the figures of speech in which the women were expressing their gratitude. Their chief favourites, it seems, were the men of the Rifle Brigade. Quartered for a day or two in one of the villages, these soldiers made up for the want of a common tongue by acts of kindness. They helped the women in their household work, and the women, pleased and proud, made signs to the stately "Rifles" to do this and do that, exulting in the obedience which they were able to win from men so grand and comely. When the interpreter came, and was asked to construe what the women were saying so fast and so eagerly, it appeared that they were busy with smiles and metaphors, and that the Rifles were made out to be heroes more strong than lions, more gentle than young lambs. A dreadful change came over that village. The Rifles were withdrawn. The Zouaves marched in. There followed spoliation, outrage, horrible cruelty. When those tidings came to Lord Raglan he was standing on the shore with several of his people about him. He turned scarlet with shame and anger. The yoke of the alliance had wrung him.—*Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea.*

SOLDIERS LYING DOWN UNDER FIRE.—The first trial our men underwent in the action was a trial of passive, enduring courage. They had to lie down, with no duty to perform except the duty of being motionless, and they made it their pastime to watch the play of the engines worked for their destruction—to watch the jet of smoke, the flash, the short, momentous interval—and then, happily and most often, the twang through the air above, and the welcome sound of the shot at length imbedded in earth. But sometimes, without knowing whence it came, a man would suddenly know the feeling of a rushing blast and mighty shock, and would find himself bespattered with the brains of the comrade who had just been speaking to him. When this happened two of the comrades of the man killed would get up and gently lift the quivering body, carry it a few paces in rear of the line, then quietly return to their ranks, and again lie down. This sort of trial is well borne by our troops. They are so framed by nature that, if only they know clearly what they have to do, or to leave undone, they are pleased and animated, nay, even soothed, by a little danger. For, besides that they love strife, they love the arbitrement of chance; and a game where death is the forfeit has a strange, gloomy chance for them. Among the guns ranged upon the opposite heights to take his life a man would single out his favourite and make it feminine for the sake of endearment. There was hardly, perhaps, a gun in the great redoubt which failed to be called by some corrupt variation of "Mary" or "Elizabeth." It was plain that our infantry could be in a kindly humour whilst lying down under fire. They did not, perhaps, like the duty so well as an animated charge with the bayonet; but, if they were to be judged from their demeanour, they preferred it to a church parade. They were in their most gracious temper. Often when an officer rode past them they would give him the fruit of their steady and protracted view and advise him to move a little on one side or the other to avoid a coming shot. And this the men would do, though they themselves, however well their quickened sight might warn them of the coming shot, lay riveted to the earth by duty.—*Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea.*

BRAVERY, LIKE MURDER, WILL OUT.—It seems that, although by human contrivance a whole people may be shut out from the knowledge of momentous events in which its armies are taking a part, there is yet a subtle essence of truth which will permeate into the mind of a nation thus kept in ignorance. To a degree which freemen can hardly imagine to be possible the first Napoleon had succeeded in hiding the achievements of the English army from the sight of the French people; and, since the French in after years were little tempted to gather up by aid of history the events which they had been hindered from learning in the form of "news," there was, not merely in the army, but even in all France, a very scant knowledge of the way in which the two mighty nations of the West had encountered one another in the great war. Yet, now that the time had come for testing the faith which one army had in the prowess of the other, it suddenly appeared that a belief in the quality of the English soldier was seated as deep in the mind of the French army as though it were a belief founded upon historic knowledge.—*Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea.*

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A very remarkable robbery had come to light in Dukinfield, Cheshire. The wife of a labouring man gave notice to the police that she had been robbed of four hundred sovereigns, and, strange as the story appeared to be, it turned out to be true. She had hoarded the money for seven years, obtaining it not by honourable means, and a few days ago it was stolen. Two women, her friends, who knew of the store, have been apprehended. The victim was in receipt of relief at the time she had the money in her possession.

OUR FEUILLETON.

UNRULY GENIUSES.

THERE is a popular idea very deeply rooted in the public mind that genius and talent are necessarily connected with a low standard of morals. This idea has been fostered by a variety of pictures and a variety of stories. We are all familiar with the poet who stands in almost as many attitudes as the dying gladiator to be dunned for a milk score. We have all heard many highly-flavoured traditions of artists who lived in pothouses, and painted hasty sketches for ale and tobacco. The poet so dunned is nearly always held to be a great poet, and the artist, so wallowing, a great artist. In the case of the latter, his hasty sketches are often more prized than his complete works; and signs of an undeveloped grandeur in conception and execution are traced in the feeblest of scratches and the muddiest of blots. The same tendency to exalt what is not done, or only half done, at the expense of what is done, is seen in a much less intelligent section of society. You cannot go into a manufacturing town, or a London district devoted to mechanics, without finding some drunken workman who is looked upon as a skilful wonder. It may be that the existence of this skill is taken for granted, or is merely based upon rumour; but one thing is certain, the more the man drinks, and the more he neglects his employment, the more will his companions give him credit for extraordinary cleverness. A passion for the wonderful is common to all people, and there is something marvellous in the idea that a skilled man will not use his skill while he can obtain credit for a mug of beer or can borrow a penny.

"Dear-a-deary me!" you may hear the old gossips say, "what a pity it is that Tim Bobbin is so given to drink! He can earn a pound while another man is making five shillings, and yet he'll never stick to the shopboard for two days together." The companions of the wild workman who thus wastes his life will often quarrel about the degree of his assumed talent. "You may laugh at him," says one of his admirers, in a mixed tone of opposition and humility; "you may scold him with foot when he doesn't know what he's about, but it'd puzzle you or me to do what he can do when he's so minded."

Others, fond of supporting the marvellous, relate stories of the drunken man's power of working while in a half-insensible condition; and, between one and the other, the self-indulgent idler is elevated into a hero.

It has been our lot during a period of nearly twenty years to see many of these drunken geniuses. In some instances we have been invited to witness their performances by admiring friends, and have seldom been disappointed. If the man showed any sign of real superiority his irregular habits were generally overrated; and, if these were not overrated, he turned out to be a dissipated mediocrity. Tenor singers with cracked voices, baritones as hoarse as ravens, ranting tragedians, vulgar, stupid comedians, clumsy musicians, windy orators, and daubing painters have passed before us at different times, each one being bad, not because he was dissipated, but being dissipated simply because he was bad. Each of these men, we are sorry to say, was invested with one of these false reputations we have just been describing, and it served as a shield to conceal the worthlessness of the wearer.

Amongst literary men this belief in drunken geniuses is cherished like a creed. It may not be older than the Grub-street days of the last century, when periodical literature was in its infancy and the profession of authorship was servile and precarious. Half-starved writers struggling for a place in a market they ought never to have incumbered, and thorough vagabonds, like Richard Savage, may have got mixed up with lazy, unpractical geniuses like Oliver Goldsmith, until a whole class came to be looked upon as hopelessly degraded. By a confusion of ideas, not at all uncommon when the character of a peculiar and only half-recognised profession is in question, the low moral standard of the few was taken as being characteristic of the many.

Because two or three men of undoubted talent lived riotous and unwholesome lives, it became usual to accept ill-balanced minds as the proofs of genius.

This mistaken estimate has not been corrected with the growth of years, and we are still too apt to be dazzled by false lights. Few people will believe in the existence of geniuses who answer letters, who are punctual in keeping appointments, who are scrupulous not to live beyond their means. The virtue of reliability is contemptuously classed with the "plodding" virtues, and is supposed to be only fit wear for bookkeepers and confidential clerks. A genius must be a man who is not to be bound by any rules. When you want him in Edinburgh he must be in the vale of Chamouni; when you want him in the vale of Chamouni he must be lying on the Caith Hill. He must not pay any of his tradespeople, but he must particularly neglect his tailor, and he must never be known to touch an account-book or to understand what is meant by a ledger. He must borrow money from all his friends, never deny himself the most expensive luxuries, and must grumble if the Government is at all tardy in rewarding him with a pension. If the slender and perhaps not too excellent produce of his delicate mind will not suffice to procure him the hard necessities of life his inferior intimates must tax themselves that he may lounge away his existence. Under no circumstances must he descend to anything like hard labour. His mind would be destroyed, it is thought, if he were torn from his feather-bed; and when he idles he is supposed to be waiting for inspiration. To keep up the faith of his admirers it is not absolutely necessary that he should complete any work, as long as he feeds them from time to time on what are called "noble fragments." When their patience is nearly exhausted he can always revive it by some act of eccentricity or dissipation. Any conduct that represents him in the light of a self-willed, unruly child will be sufficient to inspire fresh confidence in his genius. Men of discernment and acknowledged intellect, in such a case, will often be heard unconsciously imitating the ignorant gossips before alluded to.

"Dear-a-deary me!" they will almost say, "what a pity it is that Dick Savage is not more steady! Nothing is beyond him if he'd only keep within bounds and act something like a responsible being."

This last phrase about responsibility often exposes the motive underlying such faithful patronage. We are all more or less fond of managing the affairs of our neighbours, and it is a comfort to many minds to find themselves superior in one or two points to a man of supposed genius.

Reputations like these, that are mostly the rank growth of a popular delusion, are not easily shaken by being made to face their opposites. We may bring forward Shakespeare, who, player and stage-manager as he was, continued to lead a tolerably blameless life, to die in no man's debt, and to leave no pauper children. We may bring forward Chaucer, who was an excellent Government clerk, and a host of others, whose genius is as much beyond question as it was assuredly not cultivated by affected "soul musings." When we have numbered them, we only get into a quarrel as to which class of geniuses form the rule and which the exception. If, however, we happen to be in error, then the whole present system of education is a great mistake. The more we try to cultivate the homely virtues, and to impose what we consider judicious restraints upon the impulses of youth, the more we must be trampling such electro-plated genius under foot, or tying it up with no play for its muscles. If the belief in, or protection of, such genius is good, then most attempts to reform it must surely be bad, and we ought gladly to hail the foundation of an institution that would gather these real and supposed gifted ones together in order to teach them the folly of respecting the common duties of life. II.

THE HABILIMENTS OF GRIEF, FROM A COMMERCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

ON the occasion of a recent visit to London, whilst I was debating with myself over the breakfast things as to how I should spend the day, I received by the post a letter deeply bordered with black, evidently a messenger of affliction. I tore the white weeping willow upon a black background which formed the device upon the seal, and read the contents. It proved to be an intimation from a relative of the sudden death of her brother-in-law, and a request

that under the circumstance of the sudden bereavement of the widow I should undertake certain sad commissions relative to the articles of mourning required by the family.

I at once set out upon my sad errand. I had no difficulty in finding the *maison de deuil* to which I had been referred. It met me in the sad habiliments of woe; no vulgar colours glared from the shop-windows, no gilding amazed with its festive brightness. The name of the firm scarce presumed to make itself seen in letters of the saddest grey upon a black ground. Here and there beads of white set off the general gloom of the house-front, like the crappings of a widow's cap. The very metal window-frames and plates had gone into a decorous mourning—zinc taking the place of what we feel under the circumstances would have been quite out of character—brass.

On my pushing the plate-glass door it gave way with a hushed and muffled sound, and I was met by a gentleman of sad expression, who, in the most sympathetic voice, inquired the nature of my want, and, on my explaining myself, directed me to the Inconsolable Grief Department. The interior of the establishment answered exactly to the appearance without. The long passage I had to traverse was panelled in white-black borderings, like so many mourning-cards placed on end; and I was rapidly becoming impressed with the deep solemnity of the place, when I caught sight of a neat little figure rolling up some ribbon; who, on my inquiring if I had arrived at the Inconsolable Grief Department, replied, almost in a tone of gaiety, that that was the half-mourning counter, and that I must proceed further on until I had passed the repository for widows' silk. Following her directions, I at last reached my destination—a large room draped in black, with a hushed atmosphere about it as though somebody was lying invisibly there in state.

An attendant in sable habiliments, picked out with the inevitable white tie, and with an undertakerish eye and manner, awaited my commands. I produced my written directions. Scanning it critically, he said,

"Permit me to inquire, Sir, if it is a deceased partner?"

I nodded assent.

"We take the liberty of asking this distressing question," he continued, "as we are extremely anxious to keep up the character of our establishment by matching, as it were, the exact shade of affliction. Our paramatta and crapes give satisfaction to the deepest woe. Permit me to show you a new texture of surpassing beauty and elegance, manufactured specially for this house, and which we call the *inconsolable*. Quite a novelty in the trade, I do assure you, Sir."

With this he placed a pasteboard box before me full of mourning fabrics.

"Is this it?" I inquired, lifting a lugubrious piece of drapery.

"Oh, no," he replied; "the one you have in your hand was manufactured for last year's affliction, and was termed 'The Stunning Blow Shade.' It makes up well, however, with our *sudden-bereavement* silk—a leading article—and our *distraction* trimmings."

"I fear," said I, "my commission says nothing about these novelties."

"Ladies in the country," he blandly replied, "don't know of the perfection to which the art of mourning gently has been brought! But I will see that your commission is attended to to the letter." Giving another glance over my list, he observed, "Oh! I perceive a widow's cap is mentioned here. I must trouble you, Sir, to proceed to the Weeds Department for that article—the first turning to the left."

Proceeding as directed, I came to a recess fitted up with a solid phalanx of widows' caps. I perceived at a glance that they exhausted the whole gamut of grief, from its deepest shade to that tone which is expressive of a pleasing melancholy. The foremost row confronted me with the sad liveries of craven folds, whilst those behind gradually faded off into light, ethereal tarlatan, and one or two of the outsiders were even breaking out into worldly feathers and flaunting weepers. Forgetting the proprieties of the moment, I inquired of the grave attendant if one of the latter would be suitable.

"Oh! no, Sir," she replied, with a slight shade of severity in the tone of her voice; "you may gradually work up to that in a year or two. But any of these," pointing to the first row of widows' weeds, "are suitable for the first burst of grief."

Acquiescing in the propriety of this sliding-scale of sorrow, I selected some weeds expressive of the deepest dejection I could find, and, having completed my commission, inquired where I could procure for myself some lavender gloves.

"Oh! for those things, Sir," she said, in the voice of Tragedy speaking to Comedy, "you must turn to your right, and you will come to the Complimentary Mourning counter."

Turning to the right accordingly, I was surprised, and not a little shocked, to find myself amongst worldly colours. Tender lavender I had expected; but violet, mauve, and even absolute red, stared me in the face. Thinking I had made a mistake, I was about to retire, when a young lady, in a cheerful tone of voice, inquired if I wanted anything in her department.

"I was looking for the Complimentary Mourning counter," I replied, "for some gloves; but I fear I am wrong."

"You are quite right, Sir," she observed, "This is it." She saw my eye glance at the cheerful-coloured silks, and with the instinctive tact of a woman guessed my thoughts in a moment.

"Mauve, Sir, is very appropriate for the lighter sorrows."

"But absolute red!" I retorted, pointing to some velvet of that colour.

"Is quite admissible when you mourn the departure of a distant relative. But allow me to show you some gloves?" and, suiting the action to the word, she lifted the cover from a tasteful glovebox and displayed a perfect picture of delicate half-tones, indicative of a struggle between the cheerful and the sad.

"There is a pleasing melancholy in this shade of grey," she remarked, indenting slightly each outer knuckle with the soft elastic kid as she measured my hand.

"Can you find a lavender?"

"O, yes! but the sorrow tint is very slight in that; however, it wears admirably."

Thus by degrees the grief of the establishment died out in tenderest lavender, and I took my departure, deeply impressed with the charming improvements which Parisian taste has effected in the plain old-fashioned style of English mourning.

L. B.

SPOKEN IN JEST.

If all that you adore,
You confess;
Fairest hair, little lips,
Finger tips;
Nose, chin, and large slow eyes
That surprise;
Quick dimples, when Love seeks
Them in cheeks.
All—all—from neck to feet,
All complete;—
If all that you adore,
You confess,
Fare! Would you love me more?
Love me less?

Or, say, my heart retains
All the pains—
The proud pains of Love's faith—
Would the death
Of Beauty only be
Felt for me?
For me alone? For you
What keeps true
Contenting? Still draw bliss
From my kiss?
Or must I not retain
Too much faith,
Lest Love you'd but regain
After death?

EDMUND F. BLANCHARD.

THE MILLENNIUM OF BOOKS.

It is rather a curious and contradictory feature just now in the aspect of the English people that, though want and suffering amounting to actual starvation are spread over the most important working population of the land, and many thousands are dependent upon the general charity of the whole kingdom, yet the manufacture of books and the supply of reading in every imaginary form are, in mercantile phrase, "brisk" and "looking up." Books upon every subject, from the dry material of the statisticians, the lucubrations of the students of the skies—the astronomers and the cyclonists—the boundless field of the naturalists and the scientific generally—history, politics, poetry, art—up to the vast prairie-land of the romance and fiction writers, no matter how high the price, all are consumed—the great British public has stomach for them all. One would have thought that the million would not have found the penny for their newspaper, or even the halfpenny for their weekly journal; and that the middle class and the upper ten thousand, after giving their third subscription to the relief fund, would be driven to the resources of their libraries for intellectual food rather than to stand open-mouthed ready for the tenth thousand of this essay, certain, as a dose of physic, to make them feel very uncomfortable; or the twentieth of that last sensation novel, which is equally certain to keep them sitting up at night when they ought to be in bed. This insatiable appetite for reading appears to be peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon mind; for here is the New World, peopled with our race, and notwithstanding that it has been involved for two years in the most bloody and tremendous war ever known, yet on goes the vast tide of papers and books, in some directions with more force and loftier waves than ever. The French are not affected in the same way, clever, speculative, imaginative, and advanced as they are in intelligence. What says one of their most observant writers, Eugène Pelletan? That France by the side of America is, comparing the number of printed pages, a barbarous nation, and reading must be taken as the best proof of intelligence. The French people do not like reading. The lady of position delights to possess every fanciful article of bijouterie, every grotesque in jade or ivory, or lacquerwork of China and Japan, but her library is a desert she rarely visits; and if she takes a book it is to look more elegant, and as if to give herself the apparent intent of being interested in a romance; but she flirts with the book as with a fan—she never reads it. This lovely creature is described, for example, by M. Pelletan, as living between heaven and earth; walking, perhaps, for an hour a day, and then with an undulation and graceful awkwardness of a swan on a gravel path. "Le reste du temps, dans l'attitude asiatique, la tête sur le coude, elle lisait, elle rêvait, le regard vaguement flottant, et ce qu'elle rêvait le soir, l'étoile le redisait à la rose" (Nouvelle Babylone). The Marquis has not a thought of a book, nor even a pamphlet, nor anything that can connect him with the world of intelligence. He possesses but one splendid edition, *de luxe*, of Walter Scott, placed on a table for the use of his friends who may like to take a sleeping dose at bedtime. As to the working population of France, they neither read as the English do, nor are they encouraged to do so; they expend their intelligence in lively talk at the cabarets and the gaieties of the bal mabille. True, the four or five hundred laws which refer to printing, bookselling, bookhawking, &c., have set up a complete *cordon sanitaire* to prevent the intercourse of thought without the permit of the State. Indeed, the intellect of France sleeps while the senses are amused by the general display of the salons, the vying extravagance of the *bourgeoisie* and the *haute société*, and the pomp of the State. Though France has its Lancashire, be it not forgotten.

It is otherwise with us. With every other liberty we, perhaps, are carrying the liberty of the press, in one sense, to dangerous extremes. Is it not to be perceived that, in the extravagant prevalence of the story-reading mania, which is now ministered to in so many directions, and in a way to meet the means of every grade of society, the public mind is becoming dissipated, as it were, by the indulgence in so much stimulating and unwholesome food? Even our highest circles of intellect and culture are for the most part absorbed in disputes upon nice points of religious doctrine, which have nothing whatever to do with practical Christianity. They dispute upon them with the rancour of the days of Southfield fires, and are ready, if not to burn a Bishop, to blacken him and ruin him for ever. On the other hand this extremely exalted sensibility leads to the publishing of books which are intended not to throw oil upon the waters, but to fall as bombshells upon the public—to create such a sensation that friends and foes both, as well as the great class who have no opinions, shall buy the book. Hence this sort of literature lives and fattens like a morbid growth.

Then there is the countless multitude who go to the theatres and read novels. They are supplied, as a rule, precisely with the same food, allowing a little modification for cookery to please the palate, as the French public, against whom M. Pelletan directs his polished sarcasms, and than whom we, the great British, bless ourselves as being so superior. The most popular of French novelists pictures a lover of a married woman clinging to a balcony to peer through a slit in a window-shutter, with an eye burning with purulent jealousy at the happy love of home. The same writer becomes elaborate in his description of an infatuated Frenchman gluing his eye to a partition to catch sight of a young girl's rosy heel as she knelt to say her prayers before going to bed. What does Magdalen—the intended heroine of "No Name"—do, or, rather, what does she not do? And Lady Audley, again, with her hateful and ghastly propensities, can be fitted only with an intention on the part of the writer precisely like the showman's when he lifts the blanket, and smiles as he makes us shudder at the deadly cobra. In a very recent publication might be noticed a female personage going about provided with gimlets for piercing holes through partitions to watch dying or sleeping guardians of documents, implements for erasure, and chemicals for obliteration in her pocket! These are the creatures whose likes the reading million are being enticed to follow out in imagination, and I have not the least doubt they go beyond this, and put in practice the mean and abominable tricks to be learnt in nine out of ten of these popular stories of the day. Great readers may well exclaim against the host of bad books, in the sense of useless and empty books. Their name is legion now, if ever it was; but the host of mischievous and demoralising and unworthy productions of the brain which keep pouring out over the land with no purpose but to create a laugh or a cry at a time when there is so much real suffering abroad is a subject to me of deep regret.

G. R.

THE UNDYING ONES.

THE real undying ones are popular errors. A blunder once set afloat, it is of little use to go on exposing it. The public mind ought long ago to have become familiar with the real fact upon the points I am going to mention, so often have contradictions and explanations been given; and yet, I expect, a very large proportion of my readers will find quite new the following corrections:—

1. The Duke of Wellington, at Waterloo, never said, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

2. Paley does not found his moral system on "expediency" in the sense in which people almost always use that word.

3. Galileo never was put to the rack.

4. Fuller could not have heard the frequent "wit-combats" at the "Mermaid," to which he refers, between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, because he was only six or seven years old at the time when the "wit-combats" took place.

5. No correction of Shakespeare's text is more plausibly—I would say irretrievably—supported than that which turns "babbling o' green fields" into "table of green frieze." Yet I have seen the old "babbling" misquotation several times within this year.

6. There is no reason to suppose that Petrarch met Laura, for the first time, at church, on Good Friday; though that statement is constantly repeated. The case stands thus:—In a certain copy of Virgil there is a note, said to be in Petrarch's handwriting, fixing, as the time when he first saw the lady, the morning of the 6th of April, 1327, and mentioning as the place the Church of St. Clare, Avignon. Then somebody, relying upon this note, collated it with some phrases in the third sonnet, as printed (it so reads in my own edition,

dated Venice, 1795, "*riscontrate con l'Edizione Cominiana dell'anno 1732*"), which phrases appear to connect the anniversary of the Crucifixion with the beginning of the poet's love. Upon all this, however, there are four observations to be made:—1st, the genuineness of the note to the Virgil is disputed; 2ndly, the 6th of April, 1327, was not a Friday, but a Monday; 3rdly, other sonnets than the third seem to say that Petrarch first set eyes on Laura when she was in the open country; 4thly, a certain manuscript copy of the third sonnet gives a version which utterly destroys the supposed reference to the Crucifixion. The question is between reading *si scolorana per la* on the one hand, and *di color raro parre* on the other; and the merely English eye will perceive at a glance how easily bad writing might create confusion between literal combinations so similar. These things are, some of them, intensely amusing. One of the oddest is, surely, that stage direction, *Enter a Gentleman Astringer*, which so puzzled antiquarian wits who sought to discover what an "Astringer" might have been; the fact being that the words intended were, simply, *Enter a Gentleman, a Stranger*.

These examples are not mere prickles of pedantic criticism; they rank as one of the commonplaces of the modern student. There is another very large topic in the same connection on which there are things to be publicly said—things known and accepted among careful readers, who love the truth, whatever pain its reception brings with it; but I will not now deal with that. Meanwhile, there is plenty of matter lying on the very surface of the subject to excuse (I do not say justify) Mr. Matthew Arnold or anybody else for suggesting that a broad line of separation might beneficially be kept up between writing for the "educated few" and writing for the uneducated many. Hard, indeed, is the case of a writer who is at once well informed and honest. If he tells what he knows upon some subject of which the majority of people know little he offends the multitude, disturbs their minds, and perhaps does harm. If he makes a compromise and "burks" a portion of what he knows, he offends his own conscience and weakens his moral power. One course remains for him—namely, to hold his tongue altogether, and leave readers who cannot bear the truth to get their knowledge from "authorities" only a few degrees better informed than themselves, and, on the points which would disturb them, just as ignorant.

W. B. R.

Since the above was in type, the *Saturday Review* of Feb. 7 has taken up pretty fairly, under the title of "Literary Honesty," a small portion of the larger topic above referred to. The article, which comes from an unmistakable pen, may be summed up in three sentences:—1. Though personal candour loses something, sound opinion gains more, by that suppression of crochets which is necessarily enforced on "fugitive writers" employed on the same journal. 2. That "fugitive writers" have very seldom any exceptional opinions which it is mischievous to suppress. 3. That "fugitive writers" should do public honour to the truthful intent of more deliberate exponents of opinion who hold important views of an exceptional class.

A GENERAL OF THE EMPIRE.

HERE he lies, conched on the dead and the dying,
Who shriek in their anguish, or moan in their drouth,
With his glazed eye still turned where the foemen are flying,
And the proud smile of victory yet on his mouth.

He was a soldier—was none ever braver!
So calm 'mid the Battery's death-dealing hail;
Who ever knew our dear General waver?
Who ever saw his lips quiver or pale?

How at inaction he fretted and muttered,
Like a chained lion who'd fain be at large;
How he sprang forth when the order was uttered!
How his heart spoke when he gave us the "Charge!"

Into the Battery, fosse, glacis, curtain,
Onward he led us, the first in our ranks,—
Turned a defeat to a victory certain,
Would he had lived for the Emperor's thanks!

One of ourselves!—once a private as we are,
Risen to a place by the Emperor's side,
The honours and stars that he won, here, you see are,
Spotted and stained by his lifeblood's red tide!

Lift him, lads, gently, as if he were living;
Touch him with loving and reverent touch:
'Tis the last honour that's left for our giving—
Give it to him who has given us so much!

T. HOOD.

THE TOUNGOUSES AND THE INHABITANTS OF THE AMOOR.

OUR traveller from Jeddo, whom we last left amongst the Toun-gouses, and taking part in their baptismal and marriage fêtes (see No. 393), quickly retraced the course of the Amoor until he reached the Chinese frontier village of Blagave-Schenski, an agglomeration of wooden huts, but in reality the chief place of the province, and the residence of the Governor. Here he met with the tribe of the Maneguyrs, who live under tents of birch-bark during the spring, their winter residences being constructed of skins. It would be difficult to fix the precise boundary between the Russian and Chinese empires, since the great steps of the Kirghis Cossacks is of uncertain claim, and the line between Siberia and China is somewhat doubtful.

The Toun-gouses are the most widely dispersed of the native tribes, and in the northern districts of Manchoua they unite agriculture with the keeping of herds of reindeer and other animals. Farther north they are in possession of the country that incloses the Lake of Baikal on the north, and thence they extend to the Polar Sea. They are also found from the Chinese boundary-line to the town of Okhotsk. The Toun-gouses are, perhaps, the best-formed people of the native Siberian tribes, being generally of middle size, but of fine and slender shape. Their faces are less flat than those of the Mongols, and their features more finely cut. It was from the Gillacks, of whom some account has already been given, and who are a branch of the Toun-gouses, that the Russians received the name of the Amoor, or Great River, while the Manchouos still retain that of Saghalientula (River of the Black Water).

Pursuing this route along the Amoor, M. Weinschenck discovered on the opposite bank the town of Aigoon, containing twenty thousand inhabitants, and resolved to visit it. He says:—

"It was about seven o'clock in the evening when I arrived at Aigoon; the night was falling and the streets were crowded with people as I entered in my sledge, followed by a waggon. Scarcely had I reached the middle of the town when I was stopped by a number of Chinese, who disputed as to which of them should be honoured by my presence as his guest. For some time I resisted their hospitable invitations by replying that I had already secured a lodging, but my protestations were useless, and I was at length compelled to yield to importunities urged with such obsequious politeness. My host of the evening introduced me into a room on the first floor of his house, a low and small apartment, into which I had scarcely entered when he retreated and double-locked the door behind me. Being not altogether destitute of courage, but at the same time not without some experience of the uncertainty of Chinese hospitality, I began to reconnoitre, and first of all to look to the condition of my revolver. The e was but one other opening to the room, a window of about seven feet from the ground, and beneath this stood a horse picketed to a stake, a circumstance so suggestive of flight that I immediately leaped into the street and rode off, not stopping until I had again reached Blagave-Schenski (a ride of an hour and a half), where I obtained a Cossack attendant from the Governor, to whom I related my adventure.

"On our return to Aigoon I discovered that no one had perceived my flight, and it was doubtless under the conviction that I should sleep soundly, and be the more easily robbed or

assassinated, that my room had been left undisturbed. On being confronted with the Cossack, however, my host yielded at once, and upon recovering possession of my waggon and sledge I departed once more, and, not desiring a whole night upon the Amoor, stopped, at two o'clock in the morning, at a village of Manneguys.

"As the snow was driving in a furious and blinding shower the Cossack declared it to be impossible to cross the river, and it became necessary to knock at the door of the first human habitation in sight. The summons we made at the miserable hut before which we halted produced no result, however; so, to save farther trouble, we forced open the slight door. The spectacle which presented itself was singular enough. In one corner an old man lay asleep, as motionless as a corpse, while beside him slumbered a younger man, apparently his son, and two young women.

"As the noise we made on gaining admission had failed to wake this drowsy party, I endeavoured to make myself as much at home as circumstances would allow, raked together the ashes of the fire, and lighted a resinous torch which I found in a corner. While I was engaged in selecting a comfortable resting-place I was overwhelmed by a torrent of abuse from the family, who seemed to wake simultaneously and join in a barbarous jargon of cursing and swearing at my rather unwarrantable intrusion.



THE RUSSO-CHINESE FRONTIER.—TOUNGOUSE CHASING REINDEER.

As it was impossible to make this outrageous company listen to reason, I adopted the plan of sitting down opposite to them with my back to the wall, and, cocking my revolver, the sharp

deepening into night, when all at once I was surprised by a great glow of light coming, as it appeared, from a valley situated on the left bank of the river. What could it be? I had heard

click of which produced more effect than the most elaborate argument in producing a calm. I endeavoured, however, to cultivate the friendship of my hosts by offering them tobacco, tea, and some other articles, all of which they refused. Still, as the night was as bad as ever, I held my ground, sleeping with one eye at a time and mistrusting the other.

"For three days I was condemned by the weather to remain in this miserable village, and when I at last reached Blagave Schenski it was to find that we had been almost given up for lost, and that it had been mooted whether an officer with a party of soldiers should not be sent to look for me. I briefly recounted my adventures, however, and on the following morning parted from the Governor, with many expressions of friendship, and continued my route towards St. Petersburg. I shall never forget the scene of which I became a spectator one evening during my journey, when the thermometer was at 27 deg. below zero, and I was almost freezing. It had been a grey, cold day, and I was anticipating something like warmth and shelter at a Russian post, to which I had been directed as lying some dozen versts distant. The gloaming was



DANCE OF TOUNGOUSES BY MOONLIGHT AT THE TIME OF THEIR ANNUAL FAIR.

wild legends in those snowy mountains, and my mind reverted to the stories of good and evil gnomes who are supposed to haunt the darkening woods. The strange appearance was suggestive of some witches' sabbath; but I had already experienced such tolerable treatment at the hands of mankind that, as a genuine traveller, I was prepared to brave the perils of a preternatural reception.

"The light brightened as I approached, and I heard a confused shouting as though in token of rejoicing. This was reassuring whatever might be the nature of the beings upon whose revels I was about to intrude. Soon, however, I discovered the meaning of the strange phenomenon. I found myself in the midst of a grand assembly of Orotchen and Tungouses who had come to celebrate a national fair and merrymaking. The gathering had already lasted two days, the people encamping in the valley, in the midst of which they had built up an enormous bonfire whose ruddy glare had startled me, around which the men danced grotesquely, holding each other by the hand, while the women prepared the feast, consisting of the flesh of reindeer, bear, and elk. I was admitted to the charmed circle with cordial hospitality, and, sharing in the hilarity of these brave revellers, forbode to seek the less cheerful protection of the Russian post. During my three days' stay with these people I discovered that the festival served a similar

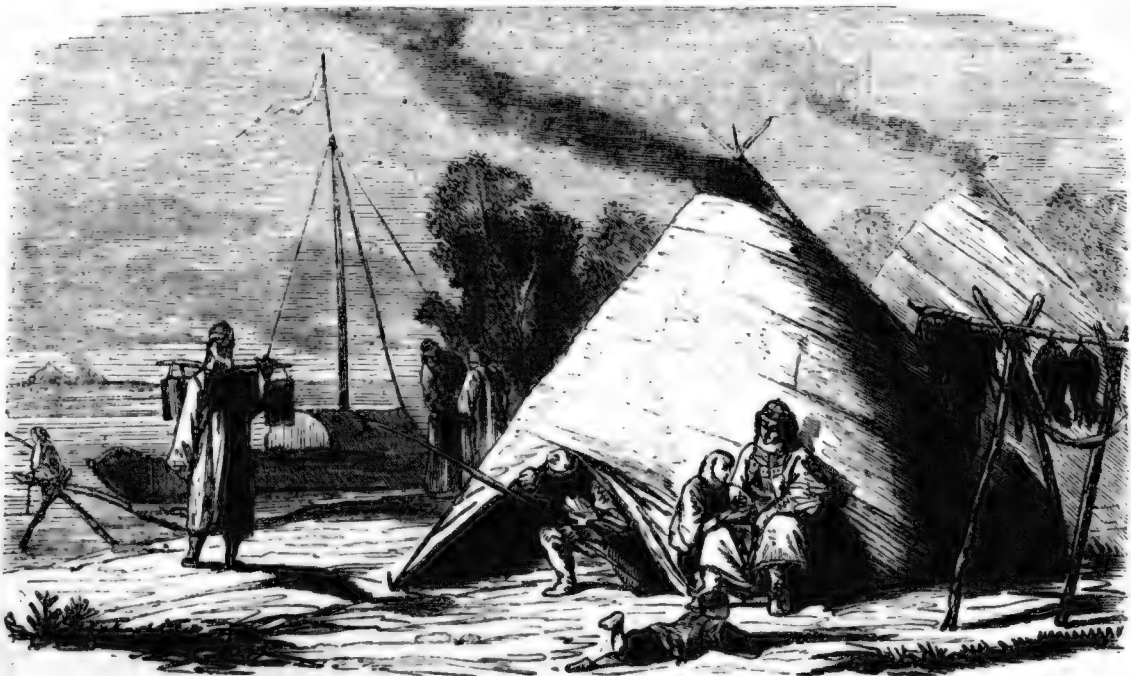
purpose to that which I had formerly witnessed amongst the Yakoustka, that the Tungouse hunters brought the skins of the animals taken in the chase to barter with the Russians for the

necessaries of life, and that at the same time the priests came to celebrate the great religious ceremonies of baptism, confirmation, and marriage, which precede the commercial transactions. Each hunter

is devoted to some particular dealer, with whom alone he does business, since he is generally deeply in his debt, and the Russians allow the hunters to be under this obligation in order to secure a monopoly in their merchandise, since the probity of the Tungouse will never permit him to evade the obligation.

"Two years before the period of my visit a Tungouse had stolen a cow from a Cossack, who knew the thief, but carefully abstained from any ulterior proceeding.

"At the time of my stay the Tungouse, returning to keep the festival, sought out the victim of the robbery, and, frankly acknowledging himself to be the thief, desired to know what would compensate for the injury he had sustained. The Cossack demanded, for the present, a certain quantity of sable skins—one half of what he had the right of exacting—and gave the poor Tungouse tea, brandy, millet, and tobacco. That Tungouse will henceforth have one great object in life—that of liberating himself from an obligation which will never be completely cancelled. In all probability he will pay the price of half a dozen cows to his monopolist, who may safely regard him as his perpetual debtor and very humble servant."



A CHINESE ENCAMPMENT ON THE AMOOR.—(FROM SKETCHES BY M. WEINSCHENK.)

THE WAXWORK FIGURES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SOME years ago the objects shown in the annexed Engraving formed one of the well-known sights of the metropolis; and besides the sum charged for viewing Westminster Abbey, an additional amount was levied for a sight of the waxwork. This money went to augment the income of the attendants, who, with a view to make the matter popular, added figures of various persons of note, so that, on a small scale, something like M^{rs}. Tussaud's exhibition was created within the walls of the sacred and venerable building. Public taste, however, improved, and the waxwork exhibition was condemned and closed, and has become almost forgotten. The collection has, notwithstanding, some interest, for several of the figures are the effigies which were exhibited at the lying in state, and were carried on the coffins, of distinguished persons who lie buried in the abbey.

Near the steps which lead to Edward the Confessor's Chapel is Ilipe's Chapel, in which a door opens to a staircase leading to a space in which these figures are still kept. On reaching the top the sight which meets the eye is singular. Most prominent amongst the figures is Queen Elizabeth, the features correctly formed, but so yellow-looking and ghastly that it would probably not have been good for the artist if the Virgin Queen were now alive and able to view her own figure. The costume has seemingly been a Court copy of that worn by Elizabeth, except as regards the profusion of tinsel, ornament, and imitation, instead of genuine gold and jewels. The lace, velvet, &c., have become dingy, and rotten with age. Close by is the effigy of Charles II., which looks marvellously grim; the wig has fallen out of curl, and is covered with dust and mildew; the ruffles hang in shreds like cobwebs, and the whole appearance of this merry Monarch is sadly shabby and dirty. In a corner between Elizabeth and Charles II. is the figure of Lord Nelson, which was placed here by the vergers, although the remains of that famous warrior rest elsewhere. On the back of this case is painted a view of the English coast, with the fleet at anchor; the Admiral is shown in similar costume to that worn by him at the battle of Trafalgar—a dress-coat, light breeches, and stockings: a cocked hat lies at the feet of the figure. Next to Queen Elizabeth are William and Mary, with the crown placed between them. On these effigies the costume, although faded, is correct. In the next case is the representation of the great Earl of Chatham, in the scarlet and ermine robes of a Peer of the realm. In another part is Queen Anne, with the crown upon her head, a sceptre in one hand and the orb in the other. Not far off is a Duchess of Buckingham and a little girl, each with withered flowers in their hands. Next is a lady, close to whom a stuffed parrot is perched. In the centre of the apartment is the recumbent figure of the Duke of Buckingham in his robes of State. Besides these, there were formerly a number of other figures of wood which had been carried at funerals.

So tattered of late years was the drapery on the figures that the collection became known by the name of the "ragged regiment." These counterfeit presentments of eminent persons are now put out of sight, but at some future time they may be discovered to the satisfaction of antiquaries.

The portions of the Abbey which form the background to the wax are very beautiful; the light flickers upon the rarely-fashioned grey masonry, and, towards the close of a winter's day, the sound of the verger's monotonous description of the monuments gives place to the more musical tones of the church service. As the shadows increase, the wax figures, with their decayed robes and still but life-like countenances, assume something of a ghastly aspect. Queen Elizabeth looks more solemn and Charles II. grimmer than before; while the reflection from the windows and old architecture glitters on the glass fronts of some of the cases, making the contents look more mysterious.



WAXWORK FIGURES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

About 300 years ago great was the pomp with which the body of Queen Elizabeth was brought to Westminster, and imposing the ceremonial of the interment. Since then James I., Charles II., William III., Mary II., Queen Anne, and George II. have been buried in the Abbey. On all these occasions the effigy of the deceased was carried in procession. The wooden blocks above mentioned have no doubt formed part of these, which, by time or other causes, have been denuded of their robes. Besides the above list of Kings there are, including Edward the Confessor, nine other English rulers whose ashes moulder here, while earls, bishops, statesmen, poets, philosophers, ladies of title, lie below the marble monuments which throng the walls in all directions.

Sepulchral stones appear with emblems quaint
And foot-worn epitaphs,

reminding us of past history, and of those who, for so many ages, have from time to time been connected with important events. Most impressive are many of the monuments which are here; but some-

how, in passing them, one cannot forget impressions made by a visit to the waxwork effigies.

From pictures of the time we are able to form an idea of the funerals of both Queen Elizabeth and James I. The latter lay in state in the Abbey, under a canopy not unlike that which covers the tombs of Queen Elizabeth and Mary of Scotland. In old days it was customary—as, indeed, it is sometimes still—to remove the bodies of eminent persons to the Jerusalem Chamber a day or two before the funeral. On these occasions the effigies, which were made as like the personages as possible, rested on the coffins. In more remote times, when it was the custom to bury soon after death, the bodies of kings, ecclesiastics, &c., were dressed in State robes and publicly exhibited; but, as fashion changed and the funeral was longer delayed, the use of the effigy instead became necessary.

THE BAYSWATER SYNAGOGUE.

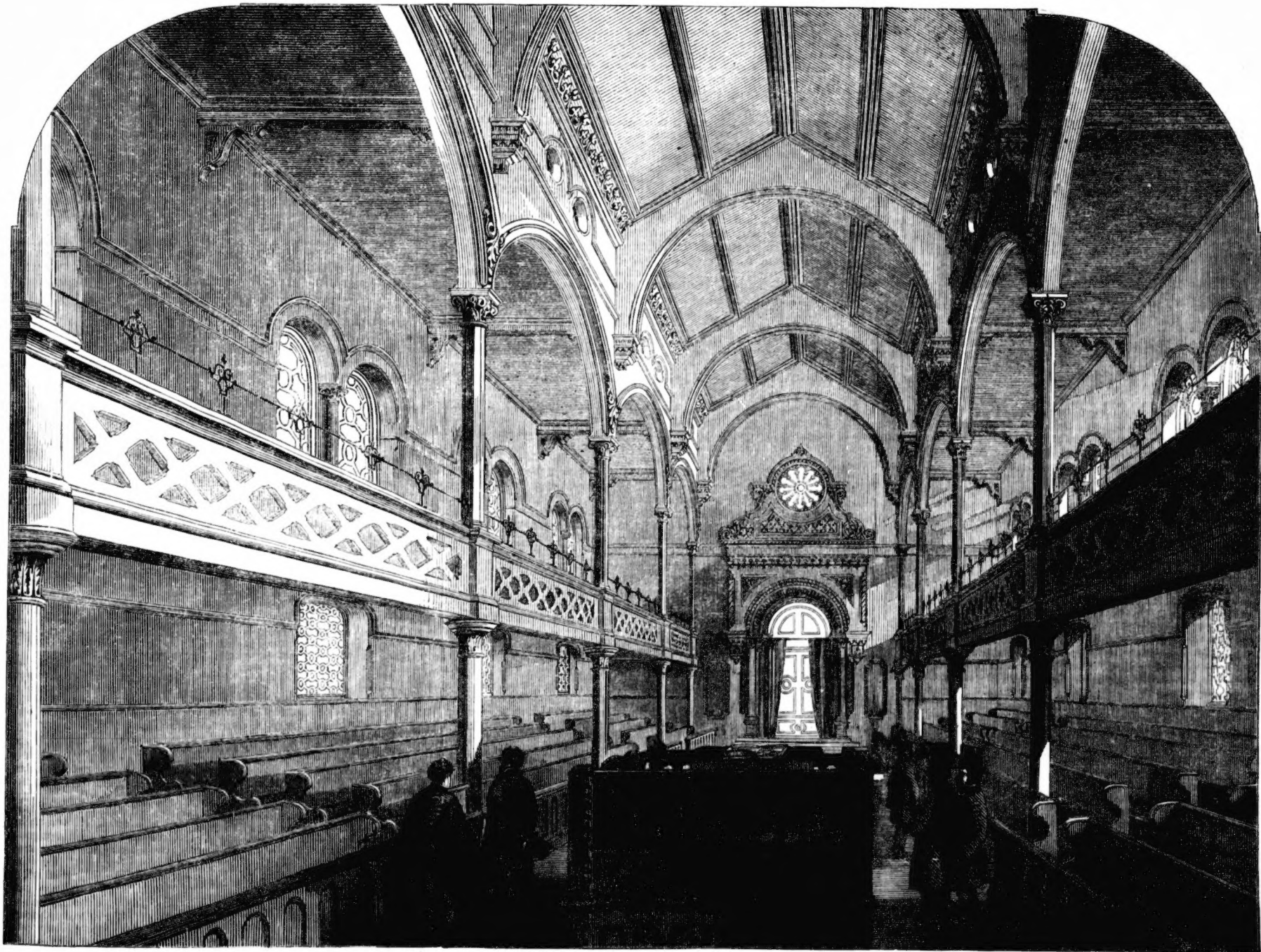
THIS synagogue, which is now rapidly approaching completion, is situated in Chichester-place, Harrow-road, immediately at the rear of Upper Westbourne-terrace.

The building is in the Italian style, freely treated, and partakes of the general decorative character of the architecture of the Venetian school. It is entered by a handsome porch, richly decorated with stone carving of elegant design. This leads to a spacious vestibule, on the left of which are the entrances to the synagogue itself, and on the right the staircases leading to the galleries. The synagogue is about 65 ft. long, about 50 ft. wide, and nearly 50 ft. high. The roof is framed, with arched ribs supported upon iron columns having highly-enriched capitals; the ceiling between the ribs follows the natural slope of the roof, and is divided into large panels boldly moulded. The general design of the ceiling is bold and striking. The gallery is supported by a lower tier of iron columns, which have decorated capitals. The gallery front is formed of diagonal panelling, and is surmounted with an ornamental iron grille.

The most striking feature on entering the building is the ark, wherein are deposited the sacred scrolls of the Pentateuch. The ark is situated at the east end of the building, and presents an elevation of imposing design. Indeed, the whole east end of the building is occupied with the architectural adornments of this the most holy part of the structure. An arched opening is formed in the east wall, and is surrounded with a bold enriched architrave supported upon ornamental columns. Over this is the main cornice of the ark, and surmounting the whole, is a handsome wheel window filled with stained glass, capped with an enriched label or hood, and supported on each side by scrollwork of very chaste design. The ark proper, or receptacle for the scrolls of the Pentateuch, is a recessed niche, entered by the large arched opening above described. The whole of this niche is very richly adorned, and over it a counterlight has been so arranged as to concentrate a flood of light upon the ark itself.

The ensemble of the ark, when complete, will be extremely fine. In synagogues the prayers are read by the minister and choir from a central platform raised some height above the general level. This platform, with its fittings and balustrades, is of handsome design and is constructed entirely of wainscot. The whole of the seats and other internal fittings are of wainscot, and the stall-ends are handsomely carved and moulded. The seats are not arranged as in churches, but are placed longitudinally, each row of seats being higher than the one immediately in front of it, so that every congregant can see and hear perfectly.

The building will be opened for Divine service in about two months. Messrs. Lawrence and Sons are the builders; Mr. Edward Salomons and Mr. N. S. Joseph are the architects.



INTERIOR OF NEW SYNAGOGUE AT CHICHESTER-ROAD, BAYSWATER.—(SALOMONS AND JOSEPH, ARCHITECTS)

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

MR. BALFE reminds us of a wit of our acquaintance, who, being asked by a theologian "whether he had studied the fathers much," replied that "hitherto he had chiefly devoted his attention to the daughters." Mr. Balfe has paid an immense deal of attention to the daughters, and, on the whole, has been very successful with them. "The Daughter of St. Mark," "The Paritan's Daughter," and now "The Armourer's Daughter," have all done credit to their prolific musical parent. The last operatic young lady presented to us by the father of so many is well worthy of the family, and will find plenty of favour in the eyes and ears of those who admire the sisters. Indeed, from the manner in which she was welcomed on the night of presentation, it might be fancied that this latest arrival was destined to outshine all the predecessors of the same race. The applause was most enthusiastic, and lasted (with the necessary intervals to allow the singing to be heard) for upwards of four hours.

Mr. Balfe's new production is in the serious style, and reminds us more of "Bianca" than of "The Bohemian Girl." It is too long (every opera that occupies four hours in the representation is too long, and this one occupied the first night about four and a quarter), and is certainly not too light. The music is of the same dark shade all the way through, though in more than one place the composer seems to have made an attempt to relieve its seriousness by introducing waltz tunes, which, not occurring in lively situations, have anything but a lively effect. We have now said all that can be alleged against the work. On the other hand, it has much to recommend it. Like all Mr. Balfe's operas, it is full of striking melodies; the subject is excellent, and the dramatic treatment in many places is admirable. When the curtain rises the people are celebrating with singing and dancing (chorus and ballet) the birthday of Anne of Brittany. A march in Mr. Balfe's style follows, and we soon learn from a chorus of rebellious nobles that an aristocratic conspiracy is on foot, having for its object nothing less than the annexation of Brittany to the empire. The action of the piece takes place at a period long anterior to the invention of universal suffrage as a means of effecting the ruin of one's native land, or the native land of one's enemy. Otherwise, by introducing the mass of the people, with ballet-boxes, municipal officers, gendarmes, and all the well-known paraphernalia of free voting as practised on the Continent, Mr. Balfe might have given us a scene which would have been highly susceptible of musical treatment, and as novel as it would have been exciting. How the Baron de Villefranche discovers the conspirators, and joins their plot; how a Jew places confidence in a Christian, and is betrayed by him, will be less interesting to the musical reader than to hear that the said Christian (De Beauvoir by name) before he commits murder sings a very beautiful barcarole. It has been well remarked that, though the words of the so-called "barcarole" may forbid a gay melody such as "La Donna e Mobile," yet the feelings of "the reckless Beauvoir" in singing it must have been very like those of the Duke of Mantua in Verdi's opera. Moreover, at the end of the first act it has to play much the same part as La Donna e Mobile in the last scene of "Rigoletto." A compact has been made between Raoul and the chief conspirator, Villefranche, in which the armorer pledges his life to obtain revenge, and the voice of De Beauvoir is heard in the background humming the melody of the barcarole. This makes a capital finale, but it would be better still were it shorter.

In the second act we may briefly call attention to the opening hunting chorus, which is vigorous, and marked by much originality; the ballad for the bass, "Not till time shall shiver;" the ballet music, which is full of life of a somewhat noisy kind; a ballad for Raoul, "Oh, love, thou'rt like a reed bent low," in which Mr. Harrison always gains an encore; a charming quartet; an effectively-written duet for Marie and Raoul, "Oh, if I dared;" and a fine chorus of monks with some excellent organ music.

Miss Pyne, in the part of Marie, has abundant opportunities of displaying her beautiful voice and admirable style. Mr. Balfe is always fortunate in suiting Mr. Harrison, for whom he writes precisely the kind of ballad in which that popular tenor is sure to be encored. Mr. Santley, the best baritone of the day (with the exception of Graziani), sings admirably throughout, and is especially successful in the barcarole, which he gives to perfection. Mr. Weiss makes his great hit in the ballad, "Till time shall shiver." Mr. Corrie, as the Jew, who gets murdered in the first act, has but a slight chance of distinguishing himself. However, what he has to do he does well, and we must do him the justice to say that he dies hard.

The first night Mr. Balfe, Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, the author of the libretto, and Mr. Alfred Mellon, the musical conductor, were called for. The libretto is not merely well written (which alone would be a great deal to say of an English libretto in the present day), but is really a work of high literary and even poetic merit. The opera altogether, however, is too long; and, unless it be shortened, we doubt whether many persons besides musical enthusiasts (who are capable of anything) will be able to sit it out without experiencing some fatigue.

Literature.

Journal of a Political Mission to Afghanistan in 1857. By H. W. BELLEW, Medical Officer to the Mission. With Eight Illustrations. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Here is a new book of Eastern travel; always a fascinating although now a well-worn subject. But then every reader knows exactly the countries which are responsible for so many books. China has been knocked about to pieces, and even Japan got rubbed the other day. Constantinople remains of little value, save to excite the eccentricities of a quaint or poetic style, and Bengal would have been no better than Ben Nevis but for the fact of its utter revivification in consequence of the Indian mutinies. But these new travels are comparatively in fresh Asiatic ground. Afghanistan has scarcely been touched since the British troops choked, with their dead bodies, those terrible passes some twenty years since. An almost official book can but be valuable.

The mistaken warfare against the Afghans by Lord Auckland's administration of India had made that people full of mistrust; although, indeed, their Ameer, Dost Mohammed Khan, having been a prisoner of war, had sense enough to see the superiority of the European race and of civilisation. But certain events, and especially the absorbing and annexing Sikh War, almost up to Kabul itself, thoroughly checked any latent desire for conciliation, until the war with Persia for the independence of Herat, and the Persian menaces on his own dominions, convinced the Ameer that his former enemies could now be his only possible allies. Negotiations being opened, the Ameer was invited to Peshawar, and met Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, at the mouth of the Khaibar Pass, on the 1st of January, 1857, and concluded a peace and amity treaty. The English subsidised the Ameer to the extent of a lac of rupees (£10,000) per month, as long as the war with Persia should last. This was to expedite the establishment of an army for frontier defence, to further support which the English Government added a present of eight thousand percussion and flintlock muskets; while a mission was arranged, under the Ameer's protection, which was to "keep an eye" on the Western Afghan frontier as well as on the lac of rupees, and to give the Ameer any assistance he might require in forming his army somewhat on the English model if necessary. The mission was composed of Major H. B. Lumsden (now Colonel and C.B.), Commandant of the "Guide Corps," as political chief and head of the mission; his brother, Lieutenant (now Captain) P. S. Lumsden, Deputy Quartermaster-General, Peshawar Division, as political assistant; and Assistant-Surgeon H. W. Bellew, "Guide Corps," as medical officer to the mission. The English were accompanied by a large retinue, together with a pair of Afghan celebrities, with whose names it is quite unnecessary to trouble the reader. From the very outset affairs assumed an ugly appearance. The Dost himself was honest. Before the expedition set out he gave the unpleasant warning that the state of mind of the

inhabitants of Kabul was so totally opposed to the English that it would be dangerous for them to attempt to reach the capital, and that therefore it would be better to make Kandahar the headquarters of the mission, under the protection of his son, the Sirdar Gholam Haidar Kahn, at that time Governor of the Province. Here the mission may be dismissed. After much annoyance from hostile tribes they reached Kandahar, where they met with friendly treatment, which, however, vacillated extremely when the news of the Indian mutinies arrived. It may be presumed that the officers did their duty during the prolongation of the Persian War, and it is probably owing to the presence of themselves and their force at Kandahar that the savage and fanatical tribes of Kabul did not hazard an attack on the English at Peshawar.

Dr. Bellew's volume describes a country and people of savage interest. The usual name for the country amongst the natives is Wilayat, but Afghanistan is more familiar to English ears. The Afghans are described as remarkably handsome and athletic, with fair complexions, flowing beards, and highly aquiline features. They are a muscular race, capable of enduring great hardship, and fond of all kinds of hunting and field sports. The nomadic tribes do little but cultivate their sheep flocks, whilst the settled inhabitants practise more general pursuits and supply the ranks of the army. The principal article of dress may be described as knickerbockers run mad. The army consists of some seventeen or eighteen regiments of infantry and three or four of light dragoons. These are imitations of the English, and are generally equipped in old uniforms, or condemned clothing, picked up cheaply on frontier stations. They also have some artillery, brass cannon, and a few iron guns, which are most dangerous to the firing party. The natives know absolutely nothing of their mineral wealth, which is probably considerable; and they are so jealous of strangers that they will admit of no mining attempts. Falconry is one of their chief sports, but smoking is a universal occupation. They are also addicted to wine and spirits, which they drink immoderately, and under the influence of which they become fiends at all kinds of riot and debauchery. To this may probably be attributed the frequent cases of chronic dyspepsia which seem to occur amongst the natives, and especially the chiefs. There is a highly-interesting chapter descriptive of the Ramazan, too long to be even abridged here; but a feast given to the English is too good to be omitted.

On this expense of greasy, stained, and dirty white damask were deposited in haphazard confusion the various dishes of our repast, between which one or two barefooted attendants moved about, in order to place the dishes in some convenient position near the edge of the cloth; all along the border of it they placed, at regular intervals of three feet or so, a couple of flat cakes of leavened bread, termed "nan;" of these, one was to serve as plate and the other as bread. In the centre of the table, and "the dish" of the viands and other comestibles, was deposited an entire roast sheep, cooked after the Baloch fashion. It more than filled a huge platter of copper, which bore some resemblance in shape to a large-sized teatray. Its surface was tinned and covered all over with ornamental designs and extracts from the Kuran carved on it. These last, we were told, were appropriate sentences from the Holy Book, and they were meant to remind the eater that, whilst enjoying the blessings and gratifications of food, he should never fall in his thanksgivings to the provider of the same. This great dish of Brobdingnagian proportions, which consisted of a flayed and eviscerated sheep roasted whole, was styled "Balochi kabab." The flesh, previous to roasting, had been seasoned in every direction, and soaked with a rich and piquant sauce, of which vinegar, sugar, raisins, and almonds, formed the main constituents. On either side of this centre dish were huge platters of palao, both "dry" and "moist;" that is, soaking with moderate (for an Afghan) and with excessive quantities of melted butter, and a kid or two, roasted whole and stuffed with an enticing mixture of rice, preserved apricots, almonds, raisins, pistachios, sugar, &c. Scattered about between these were "kormah," "koko," and other dishes, the meat of which, and the eggs (for of such is the last-named composed), were deluged in a greasy yellow sauce of melted butter, turmeric, fried pulse, and lentils, and toasted onion chippings: there were, besides, saucers full of pickles, both sour and sweet, and made after various receipts. At short intervals, placed on the tablecloth, were small heaps of salt, from which those within reach helped themselves to a pinch as required.

This was our "bill of fare," or, rather, something like it. All being ready for the onslaught, we took our respective places. Sirdar Fattah Mohammad seated himself, tailor-fashion, in front of the Balochi kabab, and invited us to follow his example. Major Lumsden took the place on his right, and Lieutenant Lumsden and myself found seats on his left. The rest of the Sardars and Khans composing the party seated themselves according to rank round the remainder of the festive board. All being seated, three or four attendants, each with a basin and ewer of water, went the round, and we all washed our hands and faces *à la mode*; but, when too late, discovered that we had no napkins, and perforce did without, though at the sacrifice of comfort. This preliminary ablution over, Fattah Mohammad leant forward, and with a sonorous "Bismillah!" tore off a great shred from the heap of flesh before him, and, placing it on Major Lumsden's nan, begged, in the most dignified and suave manner, that he would "set the feast" ("shuma bismillah kuned"), and then helped each of us. At this signal, the rest of the company helped themselves, and set to work in real earnest. We tasted of most of the dishes, and found all very good, but the Balochi kabab excelled. Verily, if such is the usual fare of the wild Balochi, he is well off, and whatever he may be in other respects he is certainly not a bad gastronomist.

On the road an old gentleman who has been amongst the English waits on the party and makes a present, consisting of "a fatted calf, a loaf of sugar wrapped in paper, and marked 'Boston, U.S.;" and three sperm candles of different sizes." The people were most anxious to procure poisons, which they fancied the English would have in inconceivable variety. In a case of unchastity, with no eye-witness, the woman had her veil torn off, her head shaved, and face blackened; and was then driven through the town on a donkey, facing the tail, amidst the jeers of the populace. The usual punishment is death, which is generally administered by the injured party; and whenever that punishment is awarded, no matter for what offence, it is always carried out in the most cool and deliberate manner. The brother of a murdered man prosecuted, obtained a verdict, and then, in open court, took a knife, and, kneeling on his prisoner's chest, cut his throat from ear to ear with all the nonchalance of a French cook paring a potatoe. The descriptions of manners and customs are startling enough; but, after the taste given, the reader must turn to the work itself.

The chief interest of the book turns upon the Sirdar himself. He is always ill, generally as the result of his own vices, and never has "confidence in his medical man." Tossed between the native doctors, who are no better than superstitious fools, and Dr. Bellew, evidently a clear-headed practitioner, the Sirdar has no chance of living long; and it is only by the Englishman's firmness that he gets to the end of the volume. We have been greatly interested by this gentleman, with his vices, his fine clothes, his brandy, his weaknesses of all kinds, and his capacity for lying. For a clever State trick (all Afghans love money better even than falsehood or brandy) he occasionally decrees that all copper money be depreciated one-half. It is then called in, and immediately reissued at its original full value. This system is humbly recommended to Mr. Chase as the only means of relieving an over-taxed people; and perhaps it would be as well to issue a few hundred millions of dollars in coppers before issuing the decree. The Sirdar has a permanent headache, which bears a delicate, dreamy, phantasmagorical resemblance to delirium tremens and cerebral softening. He has a carbuncle of some weeks' standing. Then a first-class case of apoplexy. Gout follows liberally, and then neuralgia; for it will be observed that "it" is always appearing under a new name. At last he is left with "a severe fever, attributed to indiscreet indulgence in the fruits and wines of Kabul." Yet, in the midst of all this muddling revelry, our friend preserves a tolerably clear head, and indulges in a species of low cunning, innate or acquired, of which the following is a grotesque specimen:—

Major Lumsden had a very fine Lancaster rifle, a perfect gem. His performance with this weapon was the wonderment of all who ever saw him use it, for he was an unerring shot at moderate distances, and a very excellent one at any distance up to the range of the rifle, which, I think, carried up to 1200 yards. To waste away the time we often amused ourselves firing our rifles and revolvers at a mark on the wall of our court opposite to our residence. The accuracy of our chiefs and his assistant's shooting was really astonishing. Time after time were the sparrows that infested the holes in the walls of our court decapitated as they sat chirping at the entrance to their homes; indeed, after a time, their fellows became so knowing that they seldom showed their heads at the entrance, but chirped away inside their holes; they even avoided resting at the outlets, but flew in and out as quickly as possible, as if well aware that a halt at the threshold was certain death.

Some time subsequent to this period, when we had in a measure become better friends and less suspicious of each other, the Sirdar used to come over

occasionally and spend a few hours with us. On one of these occasions he brought his rifle with him (it was an English one), and expressed his desire to see our rifle practice. In the course of the shooting he saw some sparrows' heads shot off, and, whilst expressing great astonishment at the feat, said that it was much more difficult to shoot at a hen's egg and smash it than to knock off any number of sparrows' heads. We laughed at his nice difference; but he was determined that his assertion should at once be put to the test, and accordingly ordered one of his attendants to fetch an egg and suspend it against the opposite wall of the court. In a few minutes the egg was produced and fixed at the spot indicated. We could just see that it was suspended by a thin twine, and, without delay or suspicion, commenced firing at it. We had fired some dozen shots, and yet the egg hung unharmed, though the wall all round it was completely excavated by our bullets. The Sirdar and his attendants maintained their gravity, and every moment volunteered some excuse for the miss, as each bullet failed to smash the egg. Presently, by accident, a ball happened to sever the thread by which the egg was suspended, and down it fell on the pavement below, but, to our surprise, still maintained its form. The trick now flashed upon us, and we joined the heir apparent and his courtiers in a hearty laugh at being so thoroughly taken in by the deception.

The trick had been prearranged by the Sirdar, who had prepared the egg for the occasion by having its contents blown out through a hole at each end. The empty eggshell was as light as a feather, and must have been pushed aside by the wind of the bullet; hence the failure of our attempts to smash it.

Here is a pretty specimen of his marriage. Under circumstances which usually mean money, there could be no possibility of a Belgravian Lament in Afghanistan:—

It appears that about a week or ten days ago a rich merchant of the city, a man of the Tarin tribe, and who was a widower with an only daughter of nine years of age, died suddenly and left his infant daughter heiress to all his property, which consisted of 15,000 rupees in cash, eight "ploughs" of land, valued at 600 rupees, and four watermills, together with horses, cattle, and stock in trade. As soon as the merchant's death became known, some six or seven of the heir-apparent's soldiers went to the house and seized the deceased's property, declaring that they also were Tarins and relatives of the dead man, and, as such, entitled to a share of his wealth. The terrified child, with one or two servants, fled to the house of her maternal grandmother in another quarter of the city. The soldiers followed and demanded that she, as well as the 15,000 rupees that she had carried off with her, should be given over to them. The grandpater refused, and at once proceeded to the presence of the heir apparent, with a petition representing the injustice done them, and praying for protection. To their astonishment, the Sirdar at once sent for the child, whom he said he would marry. She was accordingly brought to his "harem sarai" in a litter the same day, and on the next the marriage was celebrated with feasting, music, and the firing of guns and matchlocks, &c., according to the usual custom of the Afghans, the heir apparent taking charge of all her property of every kind, and dismissing the thunderstruck guardians of the child to their homes to receive the congratulations of their friends on their high connection!

In conclusion, we need only say that Dr. Bellew's book is full of interesting information concerning a people of whom we previously knew but little except their pitiless winters, their impregnable passes, and their undoubted prowess.

Cragstone Cottage; or, Life in the Country. By the Author of "Indoor Plants," "Birds and Flowers," &c. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Books of practical utility, conveying sound information which the youngest can readily understand and the oldest read with interest and pleasure, have become much in vogue lately, and amongst them a little volume under the above title occupies a conspicuous position. With a Robinson-Crusoe-like faculty for letting the world see how good will and determination may enable man to achieve profitable results by following (with perseverance) the dictates of Nature, the author has conceived the idea of making the everyday doings of an industrious family in the country the medium of communicating information upon many topics of enduring value.

A widow lady named Sidney, whose husband had often thought of emigrating to the colonies, and with that view had expressed a desire that his children should be trained up in useful ways, so that they might "turn their hands to anything," calmly settles down in a rustic nook, resolved to carry out that very laudable wish. Cragstone Cottage is the abode fixed upon, and the widow, with her four children—two sons and two daughters—has no sooner taken possession, than they cheerfully enter into all those duties which a country life suggests to the industriously inclined. Acting upon the wise counsels of her deceased husband, Mrs. Sidney has formed her own notions in regard to the principles of education, and these she represents as consisting in a course of daily training which shall enable young people to become useful men and women and do their duty in the world. Unaided by menial helpmates, they rapidly set their little house in order, and then discuss all their projects for the future, each expressing a hearty determination to contribute, as far as possible, to the general comfort of the family. All the imperfections and deficiencies of the cottage and its grounds are soon discovered, and each of the children—George, and Willie, and Mary, and Rose—plays a part in supplying them.

In this manner the philosophy of turning a small modicum of furniture to the readiest and most economical account is revealed; the mode of building verandahs, digging trenches, and forming garden-walks is demonstrated; the proper management of poultry and of bees, the treatment of rabbits, the mysteries of cow-keeping, the pleasures and practice of gardening in its varied phases, the best means of employing a rainy day, the most useful mode of enjoying holiday time, and the most productive way in which a well-regulated family may unite their energies for the common good—all these are dwelt upon by the writer in a popular and fascinating style. There is no attempt at fine writing, or at the production of sensational effects. In short, the book scarcely aims at the dignity of a story, for, though it has an excellent "purpose," it has no plot. It purports to be the record of a country life passed by people who have learnt how to appreciate the charms of rusticity, and who have the power and the will to make others profit by their example. The book teaches, not in sermons or lectures (although in the final chapter, which relates to Christmas Day, there are many Scriptural allusions), but through the medium of experience achieved and explained in the school of active industry. The author expresses a hope that the story of the Sidneys may interest some of those who, wishing to do as they did, may pick up from their doings some crumbs of information, and may derive from their history some reflection of their pleasure. In this hope the reader, especially if he entertain the idea of embarking in a colonial life, cannot otherwise than cordially join.

THE ROMAN POLICE AND LADY HERBERT.—During the Carnival at Rome a *posse comitatus* of gendarmes in uniforms invaded the apartments of Lady Herbert, at the Lazzaro Palace, to protest against the too Italian combination of scarlet and white drapery with green laurel branches with which her Ladyship's balcony was decorated. The danger of a demonstration before the place, which the gendarmes appeared greatly to apprehend, was avoided by the addition of a few yards of gold-brocaded ribbon twined round the laurel branches by Lady Herbert's orders, thus combining the Papal yellow with the Italian tricolour.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE ORETO.—John Newland Maffitt was born in Ireland, but, having emigrated, was appointed to the United States' navy from the State of New York. He became a citizen of Georgia, and originally entered the United States' naval service in the year 1832. For over six years he was unemployed, making his total service twenty-six years and five months. He was last at sea in the year 1858, and was afterwards employed on the coast survey, during which he discovered a new channel in the harbour of Charleston, marked on all our charts and known as Maffitt's channel, after the name of the discoverer. The father of Captain Maffitt was a well-known sensation preacher in New York and other parts of the Union, and created considerable excitement by his bold and vigorous exhortations to crowded assemblies. He caused such a furor among the women that they frequently took off their jewellery to lay it at his feet as an offering to the Most High. Young Maffitt, while in the Union navy, was always reputed an accomplished officer. When the war broke out he seceded with other Southern officers, and united his fortunes to the fate of the Southern Confederacy. The next thing we hear of him is in charge of the steamer Oreto, and successfully running the blockade of Mobile. His crew consisted of but thirteen men, and, although sick himself, he was not deterred from attempting the hazardous enterprise. Captain Maffitt, it is said, likes to produce on the ocean the same sensation, in a different form, which his father used to produce in the pulpit.

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